

THE MARION DAILY STAR.

VOL. XIII. NO 231.

MARION, OHIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1890.

PRICE 3 CENTS

Buckeye State News.

Items of Interest from Various Places.

NINTH DISTRICT CONVENTION.

State Senator Wilson Nominated for Congress by the Republicans in the Ninth District—Still Battling in the Twentieth District—Other Ohio News.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 16.—The Republican convention of the Ninth district was held at the Hotel Hamilton, Friday night, and the delegates elected for the coming year were announced. The delegates from the counties of Franklin, Madison and Pickaway. An individual delegate presented the name of Col. W. J. Elliott, the service pension candidate. Hon. John F. Locke presented the name of State Senator Thomas B. Wilson, of Madison county, and Pickaway county seconded the nomination.

Before the first ballot was completed, and before any votes were cast for Elliott, his name was withdrawn, the balloting suspended, and a Wilson nominated by acclamation.

Senator Wilson made a brief but happy speech, accepting the nomination.

After the appointment of a congressional committee, consisting of W. M. Crawford and W. T. Reese, of Franklin; J. F. Locke and R. H. McClond, of Madison; and H. E. Lutz and G. P. Hunsicker, of Pickaway, the convention adjourned.

Taylor Gaining.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 16.—The Twentieth Cleveland Republican convention continued the fight without result. The 27th ballot was taken by the Australian secret ballot plan, which was adopted on the motion of Mr. James R. Garfield. It showed a loss for Taylor, 98; for McKinley, 42; for Burrows, 31; Johnson, 29; Tibbals, 25. Taylor lacks only twenty-one votes of a nomination, and seems to be gaining slowly and steadily.

The convention adjourned at 7 p. m. till Saturday. R. W. Sadler, of Summit, withdrew the name of Judge Tibbals, and balloting was then continued under Garfield's plan, which required fully an hour and a half to cast one ballot. Result of 28th ballot, which was lost before adjournment was, Taylor for 104, Wickham 66, Burrows 8, Johnson 88.

Swindled Out of \$92.

FINDLAY, O., Aug. 16.—Untertaker William Smith was buccinated out of \$92 by W. J. Sullivan, who bought a casket to inclose his alleged dead mother whom he represented had died at his residence, six miles in the country. He gave the undertaker a check on the First National bank of Fostoria for \$92, the price of the casket being \$100, and received the balance in cash. The undertaker took the casket where ordered, and failing to locate the deceased, came back to find he had been cleverly swindled.

After a Robber.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 16.—A deputy sheriff from Allegan county, Mich., appeared here yesterday to secure the extradition of George Brownson, who is wanted in that county for burglary and larceny. Brownson was sent to the penitentiary from Wood county in 1883 for eight years for horse stealing. He is supposed to be in this city, but cannot be found. The officer states that he belongs to an organized band of robbers.

Robbed and Murdered.

CRESTLINE, O., Aug. 16.—There is great excitement over the death of John Kirtland, who for many years was the foreman of the Cincinnatus, Fort Wayne and Chicago carpenter shops at Pittsburg. He was found dead, just back of his residence. He had left the shop at midnight. His watch and money was gone, and it is supposed he was sandbagged.

Old Man Drowned Out West.

DAYTON, O., Aug. 15.—The wife of Henry Weiffenbach received a dispatch from Tacoma, Wash., yesterday stating that her husband was drowned in the Puget sound. The body was brought here for burial. Weiffenbach had been absent two years.

Accused With a Knife.

CARROLLTON, O., Aug. 16.—During a temporary fit of insanity Mrs. Susan Thompson cut her throat with a butcher knife. She cannot live.

Attempted Train Wreckage.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 16.—A dastardly attempt was made Thursday night to wreck an Atlantic City excursion train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at a point twenty miles from this city, where the road runs along the Yonghiohony river, thirty feet above the water. The attempt was partially successful and resulted in the almost total demolition of the engine and the death of two engineers and a tramp. Fortunately the passengers escaped with but slight cuts and bruises.

Awaiting Extradition.

WINDSOR, Ont., Aug. 16.—John C. Brosi, accused of forging his uncle's name in Pittsburg, Pa., was before Magistrate Bartlett yesterday, and was again remanded for eight days to await the arrival of extradition papers. If these documents are not forthcoming at the expiration of that time Brosi will be discharged.

Nominations for the Third Term.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 16.—A Hudson, Wis., special to The Tribune says: The Republican convention of the Eighth district was harmonious, and nominated Niles P. Harmon, of Pierce county, for a third term in congress; equivalent to

KING OF THE CUBAN FOREST.

How Manuel Garcia Lewies Tribute on Railroad Campaigns.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The latest advice from Havana state that the outlaw Manuel Garcia, who styles himself the "King of the Cuban Forest," has been trying his hand at making a living in the United States. He is reported to be taking his gang of twenty or thirty ruffians into one or another of the small Cuban towns and keep them there until the residents pay him to go away. The blackmail thus levied is converted into rum and provisions.

In the prolonged dissipation which ensues the brigands fall to fighting among themselves and some of them get killed. When the rum and provisions are exhausted Garcia leads the band forth on another forage.

Recently the old way of raising money seems to have fallen on Garcia's taste. He concluded that there is more to be made out of the railroads and has accordingly devoted his attention to them.

On July 31 he sent to the president of the Villanueva railroad a letter demanding \$25,000. He stated that a failure to comply with his request by Aug. 7 would probably result in a serious interruption of traffic. The officials of the railway paid no attention to the communication. On the 11th inst. the "King" led his men to a place called El Palma and tore up about 150 yards of track on the side of a sharp curve. The work was done in broad daylight, but nobody dared to interfere, or even take the trouble to report the fact to the nearest telegraph station.

Late in the afternoon a freight train came along. The train was not to be disturbed by the vandals, and the band was ordered to stand by. Garcia and his gang promptly arrived and directed Conductor Rodriguez to tell them which of his cars contained provisions. Rodriguez complied with the outlaws' demand, and the train was allowed to proceed. Garcia and his men followed the train for some distance, and showed a revolver. A fight followed in which Garcia and his thirty colleagues made short work of the five trainmen. Rodriguez was killed, the engineer, the fireman and one of the trainmen were wounded and the other breaking their mules with whatever suited their fancy, the outlaws returned to the mountains before the arrival of the guard. Garcia wrote two letters at the scene of the wreck. One was addressed to the captain of the civil guard, and said, among other things, "This train has been wrecked, and the most valuable part of its cargo carried off by Manuel Garcia and his men, whom you have previously tried to capture. You are welcome to try to catch us again, but I know you will not succeed. The whole government of Spain cannot catch us."

The second letter was for the president of the road. It said: "You have kept my word. I would have paid you to have sent me that \$25,000. I write this to assure you that I mean to have the money. You can send it now or wait until I have wrecked a few more trains. If you are wise you will forward at once. If you fail to send it before Friday, Aug. 15, I shall assume that you want more trains wrecked."

The Havana military authorities have detailed a large force to hunt Garcia, but nervous people are refraining from extending their patronage to the railroads.

RAPID TRANSIT INDIEED.

A Bicycle Railroad That Promises Big Things.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—A mile in thirty-three seconds was the rate at which a party of newspaper men were whirled along the Boynton Bicycle Railway Thursday from Gravesend to Barrows' hotel at Brighton, Coney Island.

Eben Moody Boynton, the president of the company which has built the road, was on hand to explain its operations. The wheels of the car are directed by a lever which is worked by hand. The car is prevented from grasping the rail. The car is prevented from toppling over by double wheels at each end of the car and a continuous beam, held up by the framework on either side of the track. The engine employed is a bicycle also.

The car is run on the principle of a hoop in motion, which, the faster it goes, is the less likely to fall over. Mr. Boynton says his scheme is far ahead of the bicycle. The car is prevented from toppling over by double wheels at each end of the car and a continuous beam, held up by the framework on either side of the track. The engine employed is a bicycle also.

Had Better Make Himself Scare.

DRESDEN, O., Aug. 16.—Miss Ella Dwyer, a highly respected young lady of this place, was assaulted and raped by a tramp just outside the city limits about noon Thursday. She and a nephew were out fishing, and she strayed off a short distance to pick a few berries from the bushes, when the brute rushed upon her, knocking her senseless and committing his heinous deed. A posse of citizens is now scouring the country, and if found he will be hanged at the end of a rope.

Looks Like a Murder.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 16.—In the town of Hometown, ten miles east of here, the body of John B. Sheets was found last Sunday morning on the railroad track. The body was badly mangled. The doctors think they have found a bullet hole in the man's head. They contend that the body was placed on the track after death. Sheets was an Orangeman, and the members of that fraternity claim he was murdered by those whom he had angered by his speeches.

Naval Changes.

BOSTON, Aug. 16.—It was unofficially announced Thursday night that Admiral Walker had been ordered to Washington to take the presidency of a naval board of inquiry, and that Rear Admiral Harmon had been ordered to take charge of the Chicago and squad-

Business Barometer.

Dun & Company's Weekly Review of Trade.

LEGITIMATE BUSINESS LARGE.

It Exceeds That of Last Year By About Ten Per Cent. and the Outlook for the Future Seems Very Encouraging—Business Failures.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says: Industries are doing rather less, and the speculators are doing more. That is the week's history in brief, but the volume of legitimate business is still very large, exceeding last year's at this season by about 10 per cent., and the outlook for the fall trade is considered excellent at almost all commercial centers. The general average of prices of commodities is rapidly rising and has advanced more than 2 1/2 per cent. during the past week. At the first purchase of silver bullion under the new law, the price paid for \$30,000 ounces was a shade above the London prices, and the offerings are said to have been about 1,000,000 ounces.

The official crop report sustained fears of serious injury to wheat, corn and oats, but indicated that the yield of cotton is likely to be rather larger than that of last year. Wheat has advanced four and one-half cents with sales of 30,000,000 bushels here; oats one cent, and corn having been pushed quite higher before the report appeared, has sold at one and one-half cents on futures. Corn is fifty cents per barrel lower, but hogs are coming forward in great numbers and do not advance. Cotton has fallen three-sixteenths, but is still so high that purchasers are limited. Coffee has not changed. Oil has risen two and three-fourths cents, and hides and leather are at a discount. The potato crop is short and prices high, and the minor metals are about steady at recent prices though dull.

Money is snug and firm at old rates at Chicago, tighter at 7 to 8 per cent. at St. Louis, and in fair demand at a million usual rates elsewhere. About a million has been sent this city during the week, and the treasury has taken in \$1,700,000 more than it has paid out. The Bank of England has raised its premium on Buenos Ayres again, and foreign demand is not felt here at present.

The reports from other cities are generally favorable, no complaint being anywhere made as to the volume of current business. Chicago has affected crops; that purchases will be diminished, but the injury is not yet supposed to be serious. The dry goods and clothing sales exceed last year, and collections were never better. St. Louis notes a fair volume of trade, though less strength than last week. At Milwaukee rains are held to have improved crop prospects. St. Paul reports the crops equal to anticipations, and Minneapolis notes a good lumber trade and satisfactory building, though low water retards the lumber output. At Omaha trade is good; at Kansas City about average; at Detroit excellent, with manufacturing works fully employed, and at Pittsburg and Cleveland no especial change is seen. Philadelphia reports active demand for dry goods, a stronger market for groceries, and a strong and healthy market for leather, shoes and paper.

A heavy decline appears in the weekly output of pig iron, which was 164,798 tons against 175,737 July 1, and 180,791 June 1. Prices show little change, though one large southern concern is reported to be cutting liberally. The demand for finished products is full and well sustained, and some forms of plate iron are a little higher. The wool manufacture shows no improvement, and many makers express growing disgust at the scantiness of purchases. Wool does not advance, and the heavy imports of cheap foreign wool are still being received. Coal is very dull, and the output still falls below last year's. Dry goods jobbers note that southern and western buyers are more numerous in this market than usual, but while cotton goods are well sold up, the demand for woollens is only fair.

The exports of merchandise from New York fall below the last year by 29 per cent. for half of August, while the imports continue very heavy, and those conditions with the advance in speculative markets, are not entirely favorable.

Business failures during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Company, number for the United States, 174; Canada, 23; total, 197; as compared with 208 last week. For the corresponding week of last year, total 213, representing 181 failures in the United States and 32 in Canada.

Collision on the Race Track.

LAWSON, Mo., Aug. 16.—A collision occurred on the race track here yesterday between a horse ridden by Eugene Arthur and a trotter and carter driven by George Sweet. Drivers, horses and sulky were thrown into confused mass. Arthur's neck was broken and injuries to Sweet's spine and head will cause his death. The horses were so badly injured they were shot.

Chicago Switchmen Strike.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—The firemen and switchmen on the Wabash railroad in this city struck yesterday because the pay for carrying the coal was not raised. The trouble will probably be settled to-morrow. It is stated the pay car was a day late in starting, owing to a delay in making up the pay roll.

CHICAGO WATER Famine.

The Packing Houses Said to Use the Supply.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—There 102,000 people in the annexed district known as the Town of Lake. These people, though within the city limits of Chicago, are practically without water supply or fire protection. They are now preparing a petition setting out the terrible state of affairs. This petition is being signed in all parts of the district. At no time since last May, except on Sundays, has there been a drop of water above the first floor of any building in the district. Water is running on the first floors only after midnight for a few hours and at irregular intervals during the day. People who have tenants stay up at night and catch a supply of water for next day's use. Water is taken from fire plugs and carried in buckets. Plasterers work at night because they can get no water with which to mix mortar during the day. The bathtub has become a useless ornament. The streets have not been sprinkled even once during the summer.

The lack of water for household and bathing purposes is enough of a calamity, but there has been added suffering from thirst. Water has been peddled from door to door at ten cents for two gallons, and the people bought it readily. The water famine is caused by the packing houses using all the water pumped into the mains. The monster Keeley suction pumps empty the pipes as fast as the supply comes in from Hyde Park water works.

The people do not hesitate to charge the packing house proprietors with pouring the water into the city sewers so that the city will allow the packing houses to run a large main down Fortieth street to the lake for the exclusive use of the packers and thus permit them to escape paying any water tax.

Sam. Small is a Methodist.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 16.—Sam. Small, the evangelist, in passing through this city left a note addressed to the editor of a morning newspaper, in which he said: "I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal church; have been duly ordained deacon in the same by Bishop W. X. Nind, and located by him officially as president of the Utah university at Ogden, Utah. If my name and church status have at all been handed between the Methodist and Episcopal societies of Atlanta, Ga., it has been a local divestment of their own contrivance, wholly unwarranted and illegal."

The Emperor's Whereabouts.

BERLIN, Aug. 16.—The German imperial yacht Hohenzollern with Emperor William on board arrived at Arkona yesterday. His majesty's sons boarded the yacht at that place and remained with their father for a quarter of an hour.

Powerfully in New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—General Master Workman Powderly, Secretary John W. Hays and J. J. Holland, of the general executive board, Knights of Labor, arrived at Jersey City at 8:55 p. m. yesterday.

Rev. Mr. Newman Under the Flag.

SA FRANCISCO, Aug. 16.—Right Rev. John P. Newman, D. D., of New York, arrived Thursday on the steamship City of Peking from Japan, where he has been holding a conference.

BASE BALL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Cincinnati—Cincinnati 2, Chicago 9.
At New York—New York 3, Philadelphia 2.
At Boston—Boston 4, Brooklyn 15.
At Cleveland—Cleveland 13, Pittsburg 9.

PLAYERS' LEAGUE.

At New York—New York 5, Brooklyn 4.
At Boston—Boston 7, Philadelphia 3.
At Chicago—Chicago 3, Pittsburg 11.
At Cleveland—Cleveland 2, Buffalo 1.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Columbus—Columbus 2, Syracuse 5.
At Toledo—Toledo 14, Brooklyn 11.

Weather Bulletin.

Fair weather; southeasterly winds; warmer in northern, stationary temperature in southern portion.

THE MARKETS.

Review of the Stock, Money and Cattle Markets for Aug. 15.

Money on call loaned at 6 1/2 per cent. Exchange steady; posted rates, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; actual rates, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4 for sixty days and 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4 for demand. Governments at 4 1/2; currency, 5 1/2; 11 1/2 bid; four-month, 12 1/2 bid; four-month, 14 1/2 bid.

STOCK QUOTATIONS.

The following were the 4 p. m. figures: Atchison—42 1/2; Mich. Cent.—97 1/2; C. & O.—103 1/2; N. Y. Cent.—107 1/2; C. & O. & S. L.—103 1/2; Northwestern—110 1/2; Del. & Hud.—101 1/2; Ohio & Miss.—2 1/2; D. & W.—14 1/2; Pacific Mail—4 1/2; Erie—2 1/2; Rock Island—5 1/2; Lake Shore—16 1/2; St. Paul—7 1/2; L. & N.—37 1/2; West. Union—63 1/2.

WHEAT—65 1/2 @ 65 3/4.

CORN—50 1/2 @ 50 3/4.

WOOL—Unwashed fine merino, 10 1/2 @ 10 3/4; blood combing, 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4; head, 10 1/2 @ 10 3/4; and clothing, 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4. There was a fall in fine merino, X and XX, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; delaine, 30 1/2 @ 30 3/4; delaine, 30 1/2 @ 30 3/4; delaine, 30 1/2 @ 30 3/4.

CATTLE—Prime, 24 @ 24 1/2; good, 23 1/2 @ 24; common to rough, packing, 22 1/2 @ 23; fair to good light, 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2; pigs, 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2.

Sheep—2 1/2 @ 2 3/4.

Butter—Prime, 24 @ 24 1/2; good, 23 1/2 @ 24; common to rough, packing, 22 1/2 @ 23; fair to good light, 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2; pigs, 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2.

Hogs—Good corn-fed, 12 1/2 @ 13.

From Washington.

A Day's Happenings at the National Capital.

AMERICAN PORK ABROAD.

The President Sends a Letter to the Senate on the Fishery Question—Proceedings of the House and Senate—Various Other Washington Dispatches.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The president sent to the senate yesterday, in compliance with the senate resolution of July 23, all correspondence not already submitted to congress, touching the efforts made by this government to secure the modification or repeal by the French government of its decree of 1891, prohibiting the importation into France of American pork and kindred American products.

In his letter of transmittal to the president, Acting Secretary Wharton, of the state department, says: "This correspondence discloses the important fact that the French government now practically places its exclusion of our pork products upon economic instead of sanitary grounds. As this policy of exclusion, as a measure for the protection of the domestic products of France is applied only to the United States, the department has not failed to protest against the discrimination as unjust."

In a letter from Mr. Reid to Secretary Blaine, dated June 28, 1889, in answer to a letter from the latter already published, Mr. Reid said that any steps taken towards recalling the attention of the French government to the subject would seem inopportune. He also says that the French government rather favors the removal of the prohibition. On July 18, Acting Secretary Wharton wrote to Mr. Reid, approving his suggestion.

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After calling attention to the fact that the French government had reason to expect, as you excellently indicated, that its exclusion of our pork products would be reciprocated by the United States? He who seeks justice should first do justice. Much more should that nation, which seeks friendly consideration for its merchants, refrain first from injustice to the merchants of the country appealed to, and from defamation of that country's products."

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justified by your apprehensions as to the others.

"The American bills are not yet in effect, a law of them is not even a law. The nature of their operation must as yet be to some extent a matter of conjecture. The French decree has been in full force for the past nine years, its scope and results are perfectly known."

"There is every reason from the history of such legislation in the past to believe that if experience shows defects or injustice in the working of American bills, they will be modified. The French decree, in spite of argument and remonstrance, is a spite even of proof that it does not do any good, has been tenaciously maintained unchanged for nine years."

"The American bills touch all countries with absolute impartiality. The French decree singles out the United States from all other countries and prohibits its products alone, while the similar products from the rest of the world are admitted."

"The American bills make no charges against the quality of the product whose importation they regulate or restrict. The French decree is based upon the indefensible charge that the American product excluded is unwholesome, though this charge has been repudiated by the French Academy of Medicine itself, and though this prohibited and unwholesome product has recently been consumed by the highest praise of your own universal exposition."

"Under the circumstances I venture to suggest that the French government is not in a good position to put forward in explanation of its own action anything which the United States may now do in the impartial protection of its known policy of protection."

"France is, and has been for nine years past, a persistent aggressor. It has absolutely prohibited the importation of an American product on indefensible charges. It still maintains this policy, that act of discrimination, in spite of the fact that it is thereby gaining, either for its own consumers or its own producers, and that the only appreciable effect is to do an injustice to a century-old trade, by openly discriminating against that trade in favor of Germany, Italy and England."

"After such a record, and in advance of the slightest known movement to amend it, how can France have reason to expect, as you excellently indicated, that its exclusion of our pork products would be reciprocated by the United States? He who seeks justice should first do justice. Much more should that nation, which seeks friendly consideration for its merchants, refrain first from injustice to the merchants of the country appealed to, and from defamation of that country's products."

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government report August 17, 1889.

SECOND ON RECORD.

A Passenger Agent Arrested for Giving Away Passes.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 16.—D. B. Martin, general passenger agent of the Big Four, was arrested yesterday

GREEDY FOR GOLD.

Men Who Sweep All Scruples from Their Path.

FORCING FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

One Adventurer Is Now Dying in a Penitentiary, Another Is in Custody, a Third Is a Fugitive and a Fourth Lies Dead in His Own Home.

Stronger than the love of woman, fiercer than the desire of the man-eating tiger, mightier than the whirlwind fury of the ocean, is the never satisfied thirst of the rapacious portion of the human race whose thirst is the thirst for gold. Long ago have passed since King Midas had his wish, and felt the yellow wine within the royal beaker turn to molten metal at the touch of his charmed and cursed lips. He had attained his utmost desire; a willing god had granted his request; riches beyond the most tremendous dreams of avarice displayed themselves beneath the grasp of his merest touch. Yet his life was anguish, and his death fantastic in the terror of its torments.

So much for the old legend, the symbolical myth of grasping cruelty which attains its object, grinds beneath the heel of oppression or fraud the victims of its insatiable desire, and stands triumphant upon the awful pinnacle of



M'CARNEY, 1880.

A success that has been reached regardless of others' suffering, and from stretches out an appealing hand only to learn too late that depths of misery attend the achievement of success, and that the golden prize within his grasp has crumbled like an apple of Sodom and disclosed an interior made up only of the ashes of disappointment.

The tale is world old but ever new—the tale of men who have struggled along desolate and desperate pathways to secure the vast power that wealth alone can give. Some have sought the fields of speculation and climbed to prosperity with pitiless greed over the wrecked fortunes of their less lucky but equally culpable comrades. Others have toiled and saved and hoarded, starved their bodies, impoverished their minds and viewed only gloomily through the darkness of their mental and physical avarice the glorious yet sullen stars whose name is gold. Still others have trod the somber highway of crime, and endeavored by brute force or cruel cunning to wrest from the honest, the credulous or the unguarded the treasure which represents the accumulations of honest industry. For all of these, the rewarder, the thief or the miser, there is but one end. The universal thirst for gold means almost without exception disappointment, disgrace and death.



HARRY S. MANSFIELD.

Take, for example, the case of Pete McCartney, who is gasping out the last days of his life in the Ohio penitentiary. Probably no man in the United States has had a better general education or has made a more thorough study of the principles of engraving. He is a skillful chemist, an expert manufacturer of the finest of art glass, and possesses a remarkable knowledge of the manner in which paper used for bond or monetary purposes is made. Yet for forty years this singularly gifted man has devoted all his energies, education and special skill to the uttering of counterfeit currency. His illicit enterprises, undertaken with a desire to accumulate a fortune at the expense of others, have brought him, on the whole, nothing but merited disaster, and now old, penniless and forsaken, the famous king of American counterfeiters lies dying within the forbidding walls of a prison.

He is but one, however, of the many who have defied the law and found that the law is more powerful than criminal ingenuity. One of his younger brothers in the comradeship of crime the other day began his experience of the thorny road along which McCartney so long has trod. His name is Harry S. Mansfield, and until recently he was the trusted agent at Topeka, Kan., of



RAYMOND KITCH.

the Kansas and Texas Coal company. Large sums of money passed through his hands, an opportunity presented itself and the greed for gold swept away the barrier of principle as a sudden summer torrent bears down before its restless fury the frail obstruction of the flimsy dam. He

put in his pocket \$6,000 of the company's money, fled to Canada and with the stolen cash started a business enterprise in London, which had just begun to prosper when detectives swooped down upon him and carried the amateur in crime back to Kansas to answer for his sins.

Like McCartney and Mansfield, Seymour Kitch might have prospered along the ordinary lines of honest enterprise. He was well known and liked in the business and social circles of Chicago, and had achieved a respectable reputation, both as a lawyer and a journalist. Chicago willingly entrusted him with their causes, and the newspapers received his contributions with favor. A few years of steady work and intelligent application would have made him a rich man, but he preferred to reach affluence by the short cut of fraud. As an attorney he swindled widows and orphans, as a newspaper man he abused the confidence of his associates, and as an acquaintance he imposed upon the credulity of those who trusted him. Now, with his pockets full of ill gotten wealth, he is a fugitive from justice.

The cases cited above are sorrowful to contemplate, but probably none of the tales can equal in horror of detail that of the Kansas City miser, Peter Leffer. This miserable old man had lived out the allotted tale of three score and ten years. His early history is obscure, but for the last quarter of a century he had kept a small store on North Third street. He dwelt alone in a miserable hotel. Outside of business hours he shunned his fellow man and he was regarded by his neighbors as a poor unfortunate whose scanty income from trade brought him the bare necessities of life. But the outcome shows that he like the others was a victim of the awful and relentless thirst for gold. He had toiled and saved, and spared himself in no direction that he might add to his store of shining metal. At the age of 70, alone, friendless, unattended, he first saw the hollowing of his life's ambition, and looking up his little shop sought the filthy back room in which he had spent so many solitary nights and ended his dreary life with a shot from a revolver.

So meager was his patronage that days passed before the poor wretch's tragic end was known. When found he sat dead in a chair. A frightful hole marked the middle of his forehead. He was naked above the waist. His false teeth, says The Kansas City Times, protruded several inches from the mouth. The nose had rotted and sunk into the skull, leaving only a deep indentation, and maggots were worming themselves in and out of the apertures in his face. He was thought to be a pauper, but in the cellar was found a bag of gold pieces.

In a drawer lay a bank book showing a large sum of his credit, and notes given by responsible parties for hundreds of dollars. The till also contained a handsome sum of money.

In addition to these was found a will by the provisions of which small fortunes were left to five persons living in Baden, Germany, and two other people resident in Kansas City. The old man directed that after the payment of these bequests, and a magnificent disbursement for his funeral, the residue of his estate should be turned over to the Young Men's Christian association of Kansas City, with the exception of his stock of goods, which he bequeathed to an old cripple named William Taylor.

Viewed in all its aspects can it be said that there is one redeeming feature to brighten the somber history of the world old inordinate greed for gold?

FRED C. DAYTON

The Sensational Strike on the Central.

"Holland is responsible for it." So said Vice President Webb of the New York Central railroad, the other day, in speaking of the strike just then begun on the great transportation line over which the strike control during the absence in Europe of President Chauncey M. Depew.

J. J. Holland is regarded as one of the most influential men among the Knights of Labor. He is chairman of the national legislative committee and a member of the general executive board. By trade he is a shoe-maker. He left the bench to enter the northern army during the civil war. At the close of the contest he settled in Florida, and continued in business there as a merchant until he became actively identified with the Knights of Labor. He is a man of large physique, and possesses a strikingly determined cast of countenance.

A Strange Anonymous Letter. Claude Reaire lived with a French Canadian family in southern Michigan until he was 23 years old and believed himself a son. In a moment of anger three years ago his supposed father declared that Claude was an illegitimate son. This so hurt the young man that he ran away to Chicago. He has not seen the family since. The other day he received an anonymous letter stating that his grand father was the Duchesse de Saint-Amand, of Normandy, who fled from a cruel husband to America with her only child. This child eventually married a Confederate soldier, Claude being born to them a year or two afterward. Another woman (the writer of the letter) loved the husband, and in her anger stole the child. The father, in despair over the loss, committed suicide. The mother has disappeared. Included in the anonymous letter to Claude was the certificate of his father's and mother's marriage.

Some business men in Chicago have undertaken the erection of one of the largest buildings in the world. It is to be fully 350 feet in size and sixteen stories tall. Its construction will cost over \$2,000,000.

SHOT HIS SWEETHEART.

A Double Tragedy at Louisville of a Sensational Nature.

"Kiss me, Annie, just once before we die."

So spoke blood stained Peter McCrory as he lay on the prostrate form of Annie Staken. But the terribly wounded girl shook her head and tried to drag herself



PETER MCCRORY, ANNE STAKEN.

away from the man who had just attempted murder and suicide. Then the police came in, and after sending Annie to the hospital took Peter to jail.

In its details the tragedy is one of the most sensational that has startled the city of Louisville for some time. Both the principals were young people, and some months ago became engaged. The girl recalled her promise, and the man swore that she should marry no one else. The other evening he called at her house, and almost without warning drew a pistol and began to fire. The first ball entered Miss Staken's face an inch below the right eye, plowing its way through the head and coming out behind the ear.

Seeing that the wound was not immediately fatal, McCrory fired a second time, but the bullet flew wide and buried itself in the opposite wall. The assassin then turned the pistol on himself. One ball struck the skull, but glanced off, leaving only a scalp wound. Another grazed the teeth and tore off the upper lip. When the neighbors and officers broke in they found the room literally slippery with blood.

Miss Staken is 19 years old and quite pretty. McCrory is 24. Speaking of the affair while his wounds were being dressed he said:

"Annie ought to have loved me, but she did not. She once promised to be my wife, and when she backed down I made up my mind that she should never be any one else's. When I kept away from her I did not think I loved her, but the moment I came in her presence I lost my senses. She was so beautiful that I could not stand seeing any one else in the place that was mine. If she gets well I will kill myself, and if she dies I suppose I will be hanged. It makes no difference to me, but if she gets well I hope that since her beauty will be gone Duane (a rival) will not marry her."

A FATAL ENCOUNTER.

Tragic Result of the Iron Molders' Strike at San Francisco.

The iron molders' strike at San Francisco culminated the other evening in a tragedy. When the trouble between manufacturers and employes began some time ago Walter Rideout, a non-unionist, secured a position with the City Iron works. He refused to listen to the appeals of the strikers, and finally, it is said, was threatened with violence. At any rate, while riding in a car on Powell street he got into an altercation with a union man, named Henry A. Sievert. Blow for blow they were exchanged as well as epithets, and then the panic stricken passengers heard a pistol shot and saw Sievert fall mortally wounded. Rideout surrendered to the police. He claimed that he had been assaulted, and that he fired in self defense. However, when he was brought before the dying man the latter made oath as follows:

"Realizing that I am about to die I make this my dying statement. My name is Henry A. Sievert. I got on the car, and he (naming Rideout) began to shake his pistol in his pocket. I said nothing to him. He put on a terrible look. He shot through his coat. I said, 'Don't shoot.' I scuffled with him to prevent his shooting. I knew him by sight and knew where he worked. I have nothing more to say. That is the man that shot me; I am positive that is the man. I think his name is Rideout, or Rinehart."

The Beauty Contest at Vienna.

Fair faced young women who wish a free trip to Europe now have the opportunity of their lives. An international beauty contest is to be held at Vienna, the capital of Austria, and the following directions are sent out for the information of those desiring to compete: All competitors must send photographs, with their addresses, to the committee. Those who are admitted must attend in evening dress or costume representative of the country from which they come. The committee states that should the competitors desire to travel expenses and the cost of living here for five days will be paid out of the funds at the disposal of the managers. Each lady who is in the competition will receive a souvenir of the occasion. The total sum to be awarded to the winner is \$1,200.

Two Brothers Drowned.

He went to his brother's rescue and both were drowned. This is the sad story of Deane and Fields Dickerson, two bright lads, aged 11 and 8 years, respectively. They were the sons of F. B. Dickerson, a wealthy resident of Detroit, and the other afternoon went swimming in the shallow waters of the lake bay, a short distance from the Star Island house, at the St. Clair flats.

A stiff breeze prevailed and there was a choppy sea. The waves swept Fields beyond his depth. Deane bravely went to his brother's rescue, and both were drowned. Such is the story of Deane and Fields Dickerson, two bright lads, aged 11 and 8 years, respectively. They were the sons of F. B. Dickerson, a wealthy resident of Detroit, and the other afternoon went swimming in the shallow waters of the lake bay, a short distance from the Star Island house, at the St. Clair flats.

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A GIANT GRIZZLY.

The Genuine Experience of a Western Mountaineer

HE MEETS A RUSSIAN EXILE.

And the Two Track a Monster Bear Through the Badwood Forests of Sonoma—Brain Succumbs to Well Directed Shots—The Russian Vanishes.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

The California grizzlies are disappearing from even the deepest ravines. Thousands of them have been poisoned by the cattle men whose stock they destroy; but stories of the time when they were lords of the forest linger in every district. Every county has its tradition of some giant bear who held to the last some rock retreat. Every region has stories of torn and slain hunters who meddled too rashly with the ways of the terrible grizzly.

One of the noted old hunters, ex-Senator Thomas N. Ward, of San Francisco, in a recent interview told me of his adventures some twenty years ago.

"For several successive years," he says, "I spent my autumn vacation in hunting

and debasing in the mountain fastnesses of northern Sonoma. My companions were six or eight mountain ranchers who were thoroughly familiar with the woods and were good shots.

"Our outfit was very simple—pack animals, horses to ride, a few camp utensils and the necessities of existence. After three or four weeks in the wild and beautiful wilderness, where we never saw any other human being, we returned refreshed to bow again to the yoke of civilization and white shirts.

"There was so abundant that it was easy to get all we wanted for food. As for bear, there were many cinnamon and black, and grizzlies, too, were plentiful. In fact, I was in at the death of two or three grizzlies before the particular adventure which I am about to describe.

"One afternoon we camped by a fine spring, in a cool mountain valley heavily wooded with oak and pine. Just before nightfall we saw a man, mounted on a horse and leading another, approaching us. Suddenly the old man of our party said: 'Great Scott! It's Grizzly Bill, coming to camp in the valley!'

"Who is he?" we exclaimed. "He is the desperado of this part of the coast range. The story goes that he is seen at all times of the year, ranging from the mouth of the Russian river 300 miles north into Canada."

"We all said one, 'we are not afraid of any wild man, even if he is the terror of the wilderness.' Sounds like a dime novel, doesn't it? Really I think all there is about it is that some old fellow has lost his interest in life."

"The stranger unpacked his horse, threw a pair of blankets on the ground, arranged a few cooking utensils against a tree, gathered together some dry brush, lit a fire and began to prepare his meal. His camp was hardly a hundred yards from ours, but nothing in his manner told that he had seen us or knew of our presence.

"The reputation he bore interested me, and I made up my mind to 'prospect' his camp after he had had an opportunity to eat his supper and rest awhile.

"I took my old, rusty rifle and lit it. Then I scattered across the space between our camp and his. He did not appear to notice me until I was within a few yards. Suddenly he sprang up and said earnestly: 'Stop! Who are you, sir, and what do you want?'

"He was a man of more than six feet in height, carrying himself with military erectness. His dress was of the old fashioned 'buckskins' so rarely seen in these days, even in the remote mountains. A knife and a revolver hung from his leathery belt. His hair and beard were blonde, and so long and tangled that his face was nearly hidden. He wore a dark cap, from under which gleamed the largest and keenest pair of dark blue eyes that I have ever seen. Altogether he was a wild and striking figure, and I could not help admiring his lionlike strength.

"I am no one in particular, only a man on a vacation, with ranch boys for my comrades. This is our first camp in this region, and I thought you could direct us to some of the best hunting districts."

"He looked at me keenly, and then gave a growl of assent. 'You are cool, I must say. No other person, except my own men who came with me to California, has ever spoken pleasantly to me since I began to wander through these mountains.'

"We sat down and began to talk, while he lit his pipe and puffed it in long, slow, comfortable whiffs. When I left he rose and walked back with me to our camp. The next morning Grizzly Bill said that he was willing to become a member of our party for the rest of the campaign."

"For two weeks we were together almost constantly. I found him an educated gentleman who knew much of the world and was crammed full of knowledge of men and affairs up to about three years before, at which time he seemed to have dropped out of everything. Once or twice we met a man during our wanderings—a man on horseback, in hunter's clothes, who stopped and talked with my companion in a language which I had never heard before, but which I thought must be Russian."

"This aroused my curiosity, and I must have shown it in some way, for Grizzly Bill one day looked at me with severity and then said: 'You wish to know about my friends? I have two in this country, and they are gentlemen of rank. They bring me my supplies and letters.'

"A few days later my new friend said: 'You have an ambition to kill a grizzly? I am now looking for the largest one in the region. When we get on the trail of the world king of the grizzlies I will show you how to kill him. The one I have picked out for you is a perfect giant.'

"Well, yes," I said, "I do want to kill a grizzly, and a measurably respectable one, too, but I don't know that he has got to be so infernally large as all that. I believe a medium sized one would do about as well after I have a chance to tell the story in the valley."

"One day Grizzly Bill disappeared, and we said in camp. Toward night he came back and said to me: 'I have the fellow; know just the canyon he sleeps in, and the patch of berries and scrub he will probably hunt for his breakfast. Get your gun in perfect order. We will take John Rogers at daybreak and try our fortune.'

"At the appointed time the three of us rose quietly, took a bite of venison and followed in single file through the narrow winding paths, Grizzly Bill ahead as a guide. We had traveled about a mile when Bill raised his hand and halted.

"He motioned us forward, and pointed across a more open glade, perhaps 150 yards wide. There was the most terrible creature I ever saw before or since. The glade was thickly set with scrub oaks, pines, firs and other small growths four or five feet high, and tangled with vines of all sorts. It was totally impassable to a man. The almost imperceptible breeze was in our favor."

"The weapon I carried at that time was a well tried Sharps' breechloading rifle, with once bullet. I was an excellent shot and felt ready to do my best. But the sight of my antagonist made the affair look very serious to a man with relatives. He was seated on his haunches eating berries and wheezing around from one bush to another. With one great paw he bent a bush over, and with the other raked the fruit into his enormous mouth, and even in that posture the old king of the bears looked twice as tall as a man."

"Our outfit now whispered to me to steady my nerves and see if I could take aim. Imagine my shame and consternation when I found that I could not get my gun fairly against my shoulder. Looking around I saw my companions leaning against the trees laughing, 'not loud, but deep.'

"Only the buck agree," said Rogers. 'Take it easy.' In a few minutes I found that my nerves had steadied and grown safe to trust again."

"If I am killed," said Grizzly Bill to me, 'take my papers and valuables and give them to my friend, who will be along in a few days.'

"This was serious talk, and it made us think again of what we knew about grizzlies. When hit they stop and bite at the wound, then rush in the direction of the shot. The bear in view was lean, and evidently as swift as a greyhound. In that thick undergrowth we must lay him out cold or be at his mercy."

"I was to have the first shot and to aim at the heart. 'When he turns broadside to you,' our leader said, 'let him have it just under the shoulder blade. Give him a second shot in the roof of the mouth, well back as he comes for you. If that doesn't stop him Rogers will try for his eyes as he comes on, and possibly he can get in two shots. Then both of you jump aside as far as you can, and fall flat in the bushes, loading, of course, as you may be of some use afterward. I'll stand the last end of the charge.'

"A moment later we had taken our places and were watching the great, grim bear turn about on his haunches, eating his breakfast. Almost immediately the point of the shoulder blade showed with the sunlight full upon the streak of light colored fur. Then I fired, and instantly heard a great growl, groan or howl. My companions stood at my side with their guns ready. The bear tore into the thick bushes, making a rush for his enemies, but neither of us moved. I then stopped in the middle of the glade and began to wreak his giant rage on the bushes. For a moment he made a remarkable display of his grand but wasted strength, seizing dwarf oaks and shrubs that a yoke of oxen could hardly have torn loose and flinging them up in the air, until he had actually cleared a space like a circus ring. Suddenly he stopped and lay down."

"Grizzly Bill broke silence. 'I guess you got him. Step a little nearer and give him another at the base of the ear.'

"I did so, and the great grizzly leaped up clear from the ground and fell dead at my feet. Rogers and Grizzly Bill ran up, and we stood and looked at him without a word."

"Rogers was the first to break the silence. 'You are a lucky dog,' he said quietly. 'Don't ever try it again. In such a spot as this, your first shot went through the heart, or he would have found us and given us a close run to the finish.'

"Both my shots and the great growl or yell of the wounded bear had been heard in camp, and before long the boys came up to find out, as they said, 'which side was whipped.' We took hold and skinned the bear and sent back to camp for an old pack horse we had an animal which we had secured about a mile from our camp. We finally got the hide off and put it on our mustang, with the hair inside. It covered him all over except his head and dragged on the ground on each side and behind, and all in all, made up a frightful object, especially when in motion. In this guise we returned to camp."

"When we emerged from the forest into the little valley or glade where our animals were lazily and sleepily browsing one

look on their part was sufficient. The wildest stampede it was ever my fortune to behold took place the next minute. The frightened horses and mules ran in every direction, and two men of our party were occupied for nearly two days in recovering them."

"We spent several days in shooting quail, grouse and deer; then we broke up camp and started for the valley. Grizzly Bill accompanied us till we stood on the last height. Then he took me aside and said with much feeling: 'Good by, my friend. Your companionship and good advice have been a great help to me. I shall see you again. But perhaps, and indeed most probably, I shall be here when you come back for another hunt.'

"A year later, with the same party I was again exploring the wildernesses of Sonoma and Humboldt. We visited our old camps, but found no trace of Grizzly Bill or his friends. Indeed, from that time forward I never heard of him and added to my knowledge of the grizzlies I will show you how to kill him. The one I have picked out for you is a perfect giant."

"Well, yes," I said, "I do want to kill a grizzly, and a measurably respectable one, too, but I don't know that he has got to be so infernally large as all that. I believe a medium sized one would do about as well after I have a chance to tell the story in the valley."

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"Our outfit now whispered to me to steady my nerves and see if I could take aim. Imagine my shame and consternation when I found that I could not get my gun fairly against my shoulder. Looking around I saw my companions leaning against the trees laughing, 'not loud, but deep.'

"Only the buck agree," said Rogers. 'Take it easy.' In a few minutes I found that my nerves had steadied and grown safe to trust again."

"If I am killed," said Grizzly Bill to me, 'take my papers and valuables and give them to my friend, who will be along in a few days.'

"This was serious talk, and it made us think again of what we knew about grizzlies. When hit they stop and bite at the wound, then rush in the direction of the shot. The bear in view was lean, and evidently as swift as a greyhound. In that thick undergrowth we must lay him out cold or be at his mercy."

"I was to have the first shot and to aim at the heart. 'When he turns broadside to you,' our leader said, 'let him have it just under the shoulder blade. Give him a second shot in the roof of the mouth, well back as he comes for you. If that doesn't stop him Rogers will try for his eyes as he comes on, and possibly he can get in two shots. Then both of you jump aside as far as you can, and fall flat in the bushes, loading, of course, as you may be of some use afterward. I'll stand the last end of the charge.'

"A moment later we had taken our places and were watching the great, grim bear turn about on his haunches, eating his breakfast. Almost immediately the point of the shoulder blade showed with the sunlight full upon the streak of light colored fur. Then I fired, and instantly heard a great grow

The news of a couple men going over Niagara Falls must be true, even if the bodies have not been found. It comes too late in the season to be an advertisement for the great Niagara show.

The Chicago Tribune contains a bit of news concerning the Beckmanites and their leader, Rev. Schweinfurth, that will be read with due interest here. According to the Tribune, Mary Weldon, a girl at Schweinfurth's headquarters, has given birth to a girl that is attributed to the Holy Ghost. This is getting things along pretty far and is not only vigorously commented upon but has set on foot a movement that will break up the Schweinfurth nest at Rockford, Ill., if there is any law that will do it.

The long drouth has served as a very good test on the waterworks plant, and there is cause for congratulation in the result. Of course the works are not supplying one third of the subscribers it will later on, but during this dry season there have been more using the hydrants than appear on the books. Lawn sprinkling has been very free, and yet there is no perceptible diminution of the supply at the reservoir. The Marion waterworks are all right, even if they did come slowly.

The Delaware Press run across the estimates of the census in this district as published in the Commercial Gazette, and the first glance at the figures not only set that paper hilariously crazy, but out of the delirium came a dizzy poem entitled "When Marion's Blowing is Done." The Press ought to have experienced enough to know that types sometimes err in even great papers like the Commercial, and had it figured carefully it would have become apparent that Delaware's population was just 8068, as originally estimated, nearly 300 less than Marion. This outburst of hilarity over an error shows just how Delaware feels and it is refreshing to have the laugh on them. Take thy seat among the gallery gods, Oh Delaware! You are not in the procession that sits in the orchestra circle.

There is a manifest curiosity to learn what will result from the Erie purchase of the C. and A., and at the same time there is a strong disposition to see what can be done that may result in Marion profiting by the change rather than being a loser. While realizing all along that the change of division termini from Marion to Gallion would be a loss that would be felt, the situation has never once seemed the cause for grief that some have made it. Gallion is too weak a rival for Marion to sit idly by and watch her reach a supremacy without an effort. With advantages of location for division termini and with wealth enough to offer the Erie people better shops than they have at Gallion, Marion is in condition to give Gallion the liveliest tussle she ever had for the best of the Erie deal. At any rate we can try it. It is a good time to make a big step forward, rather than permit a hole to be made in our excellent census showing.

Why not have a public meeting to look into this matter, to see what can be offered in that way of inducement to the Erie people to bring their shops and division here? A committee could be sent to the Erie officials to learn what kind of a proposition would be entertained, and the committee might be advised what inducements Marion's enterprise could offer. At any rate the meeting could be made one of great value. There it could be discussed whether the interests of the city and the special interests of large property owners will permit a retrogression or join in promoting further growth. An industrial fund could be raised, a fund the first object of which would be to secure the Erie shops, and failing in that, could be applied to promoting other new industries that would employ as many men, resulting in the end in the same gratifying outcome. It seems a very opportune time for Marion to make a strong move. There are the interests at stake and the means at hand to accomplish a great deal, and if Marion isn't equal to the occasion we have overestimated her pride and her resources. Shall it be a rousing public meeting?

Word comes from Caledonia today of a costly fire which occurred at that place Friday night. At about 11 o'clock the Rice saw and planing mill, located in the south part of town, was discovered to be on fire and was soon beyond the control of the fire department. The sheds and a quantity of lumber was burned, together with ruin of the valuable machinery. The department was kept busy preventing the fire spreading to the lumber yards and adjoining dwelling houses. The extent of the loss is not learned, but it is thought there was no insurance on the property, in which case the damage will be considerable.

Let Us Have Fair Play.
Ed. STAR.—In your issue of August 9th (which I received several days after date, at Ashley, Ohio), under the caption "Had Reasons for Leaving," you bring a very serious charge against a minister of the gospel who is well known in this county. Allow me a few words in the interests of fairness. I do not champion the gentleman referred to. If he is guilty as charged I hope the fact will be proved. But I do emphatically protest against the method of trial by newspaper which attacks the reputation of a man after he has left the community in which he has, at least until now been above reproach. I also protest that it is unfair thus to attack by name a reputable man, while carefully concealing the source of the accusation. His reputation is worth as much to him as his account is to her. The names of both parties be given to the public or let the names of both be withheld. The charity (love) which "thinketh no evil" and is "kind" would have suggested the latter course. The gentleman referred to "had reasons for leaving," as I happen to know. He was engaged for one year from August 1st, 1893. He fulfilled his contract to the entire satisfaction of those who employed him, and at the end of the time he announced his purpose to seek another field of labor, reasons which were quite sufficient without the unworthy one which you charge him with, but do not prove. Why was this public attack withheld until after the accused had gone to a distant state, when by the accused's own testimony the alleged misconduct occurred a month or six weeks ago? Respectfully yours,
W. E. THOMAS.

The Star admits the above to publication without any "protests" in which Rev. Thomas so emphatically deals. At the outset we shall give the accused of the departing minister, who is none other than Miss Maud Bull, residing on south East street, against whom there has never been a breath of reproach in any form, a young lady whom all her acquaintances say would be the best in the world to fulfill make such a charge without sufficient reason. This paper is not engaged in attacking any person's reputation. The affair in question was known at this office about two weeks before publication, it was known to Rev. Thomas and other church authorities, and with the understanding that an investigation was sure to ensue the publication was withheld until it should become public in another channel. The time came when the accused left this county, giving other and worthy reasons, and it seemed a duty to the Star to vent enough information to warn the public. The propriety of such a course is not disputed. But the story is denied. We give the authority and the matter resolves itself into a question of veracity, whether an innocent and reputable young lady is falsifying or whether the minister is false in his denial. This is the whole of it. The accused or the party accused is lying. In most cases the word of the young lady is accepted. If there are reasons for not believing in this case we do not know them. Miss Bull and her folks say affidavits will be furnished at the proper time. This seems enough. If a man's character has been assailed without reason the responsibility won't be hard to locate. We are not prosecuting or defending. We still insist that a minister that indecently exposes himself to a young lady deserves exposure to the public and Miss Bull charges the party referred to with that offence.

Satisfactory Entertainment.
The entertainment given at the Presbyterian church Friday evening by Marie Knibloe, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E., gave universal satisfaction to the select audience that greeted her. Miss Knibloe was evidently controlled by a spirit of propriety with respect to the place in which the entertainment was given. Miss Knibloe was a former resident of Marion, and should she appear here again would be welcomed by a much larger audience than greeted her Friday evening.

The Y. P. S. C. E. wish to tender thanks to Prof. Craig for the use of a fine Fischer piano. Miss Knibloe pronounced the instrument exceedingly fine in tone.

Preserving the Catfish.
"I'm writing a play dealing with the Indian question."
"All Lo comedy, I suppose?"
"Yes, with a few hair raising episodes."—New York Herald.

A Great Convenience.
"Do you know there is likely to be a cable to the Canibal Islands?"
"Ah, then the cannibals will be able to order their missionaries in advance."—Lawrence American.

Same Fare.
Gus de Smith—I am head over ears in love with your daughter.
Judge Peterby—I suppose those ears are the same ones over which you are in debt.—Texas Sittings.

Both in the Same Fix.
"I would suggest ice cream," remarked Miss Blecker, "but I'm dead broke."
"I, too, am in mortal fragments," replied Miss Bacon Street, of Boston.—New York Sun.

Newspaper Personality.
Editor—Is the editor in?
Bright Office Boy—No, he's out; but the for man's word is no for it. He caught Cataway yesterday at fifteen t one.—Judge.

No Trouble There.
Doctor—You must be very careful about your diet.
Dishaway—That's all right, doctor. My lady attends to that.—New York

FRIDAY'S RECORD.

MORE ABOUT FAITH AT THE ADVENTIST CAMP MEETING.

Elder Jones continued his lectures on the Subject of Faith, showing how the Fallen Sons of Adam may be Restored to Innocence.

In the early Friday morning's meeting there appeared to be "the sound of rain" in the camp—a breaking loose, and praising God for the blessing of the gospel, and the free and full salvation through Christ. There was a large attendance and many testimonies borne. The meeting continued till breakfast time. Though held so early (5:30 a.m.) some were present from the city, and though not of the Adventist faith by profession, took part in the meeting, declaring that what they had heard had the "genuine gospel ring," and made their heart-strings vibrate anew with the joy and peace they experienced when first converted. Others expressed their intention of casting in their lot with this people.

How we are made righteous.
At nine o'clock Elder Jones continued his talk of righteousness by faith. He began by reading Romans 3:24-26.

"Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath not spared, to be propitiated through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God."

You see it is all on the part of God, His grace, His kindness, that we are made righteous. Read Titus 3:5-7. It is the goodness of God that leads us to repentance.

ATONEMENT THROUGH CHRIST.
God has a government; it embraces the universe and He has a law which is as universal as His government. Government means a system of laws maintained. How is God's government and law to be maintained and saved the sinner, the law-breaker? "Sin is the transgression of the law."—1 John 3:4. And says Paul, "All have sinned."—Rom. 3:23. But God has set forth Christ as a satisfaction for our sins. God so loved the world He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He says he has no pleasure in the death of him that dieth. (Eze. 18:23, 32) But desires that all men should come to repentance. 2 Pet. 3:9. Says Paul, "Be ye reconciled to God for he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—2 Cor. 5:20, 21. Thus can God save the sinner. The wages of sin is death, but Christ died for our sins. Rom. 6:23; 1 Cor. 15:3. Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace.—Rom. 6:14. Christ was "made of a woman, made under the law to redeem them that are under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."—Gal. 4:4, 5. He was not made of a sinner, but was counted as one. He was made sin for us, wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, and with his stripes we are healed. Transgression of the law brings God's curse. (Isa. 24:5, 6) but praise the Lord, Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made for us.—Gal. 3:13. Says the Lord, "When thou (that means us) shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed—he shall see the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."—Isa. 53:10, 11. What is there to keep us from coming to God today? It is His pleasure that all should be saved. From and before the days of Calvin, you know, some have worshiped a God that wanted to save a few and damn all the rest for his own pleasure. But all the rest for his own pleasure. But all the rest for his own pleasure. But all the rest for his own pleasure.

Nothing more than ordinary has turned up since my last letter. We have a dry time, corn here will be slim, pastures dried up and water low. Not much ploughing done, too dry. I don't know whether a large acreage of wheat will be sown or not, not more than corn I think. Wheat will sell for a fair price this fall, and next fall may not. Wheat here this season was our best crop. Corn would have been good if we had been favored with more rain of late. The corn it will take to fatten hogs will be worth more than the hogs.

No hog cholera here now that I know of. Hogs will undoubtedly sell low, not fatten, and cattle too. Sheep may keep up. Hay, plenty as it is, is in demand. Packers are looking it up. A picnic over in Jones' grove lately. Our full blooded Prohibition speech, and two of three others, were the subjects. LaRue is holding her own in business, and her ministers are preaching on baptism. I suggest that they furnish a condensed statement of their views as to future rewards and punishments for the LaRue News, on the same day. Let us see how they get on.

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Dr. Sawyer seems to be riding a good deal. A reception party at his home lately, quite entertaining.

W. H. Hinkle, a student of Dr. Gimnel, of Forest, Ohio, starts for Cincinnati for his second term of lectures at the Eclectic Medical college, on the 20th. He is taking a thorough course as a student.

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Water is scarce, and the Prohibits won't allow beer used in its place. The dividends in the Sharp assignment will be right I learn.

It seems that Charley Foster will not make the congressional race in this district. Can Marion county furnish a candidate to make the race? The district can be carried by a good candidate and well managed campaign.

G. N. Myers is at Magnetic Springs and is improving fast.

Many excellent thoughts were presented upon the necessity of thorough-going honesty in the christian profession, of being clothed only in the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ, and the new birth, the birth of the spirit of God instead of the birth of the flesh. The works of the flesh were set in vivid contrast to the fruits of the spirit and the sanctifying influences of the love of God shed abroad in the heart.

In the evening the speaker took for his text, Rev. 14:5. "In their mouth was found no guile for they were without fault before the throne of God."

This is spoken of a particular company. It is true that no one will be faulty before the throne of God, but the previous verse says that this company was redeemed from among men, plainly showing that they are the company that will be living on the earth when Christ comes. Those who are redeemed must be as good as the day before the Lord comes as the day after they get to Heaven. When Christ comes, He will make no change in the character of the individual but simply in the physical being. This absence of guile in their mouths indicates a state of perfection. We find from Jas. 1:26; 3:2, 2, how to attain to this perfection. We must bridle the whole body, but in order to do this, we must first bridle the tongue, for it is an unruly member and speaketh great things. The Psalmist asks, who shall abide in God's holy hill? In answer we read, "He that backbitheth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor."—Ps. 15. The Lord says, "Thou shalt not raise a false report."—Ex. 23:1. To do so is to bear false witness. How can we know whether a report is false or not? We may know when the person reporting a matter does not know that it is true. Says the wise man, "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets," and "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends."—Prov. 11:13; 17:9. When a person comes to you saying, "Can you keep a secret?" Tell him "Yes, can you?" Satan is called the accuser of the brethren (Rev. 12:10), and he can do nothing of this without christians aiding him by accusing one another. See 2 Pet. 2:1; Jude 8-12. "Charity thinketh no evil." Paul's advice is, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, think on these things. If we have caught against a brother, Christ says, "Go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone."—Matt. 18:15. If this fails, take one or two more, and as a last resort, "Tell it unto the church." If this course were pursued all tale-bearing would cease.

CONFERENCE PROCEEDINGS.
The fifth session of the conference met at 5 o'clock p. m. The different committees reported and the following named persons were elected as officers: G. A. Irwin, president; L. T. Dyseret, secretary; D. K. Mitchell, treasurer. Executive committee: G. A. Irwin, O. J. Mason, E. J. VanHorn, H. M. Mitchell, H. W. Miller. General conference delegates: G. A. Irwin, O. J. Mason, E. J. VanHorn.

FUTURE MEETINGS.
Saturday evening Elder Jones speaks on "Parochial Schools and the State." Sunday at 9 o'clock there will be a session of the state branch of the National Religious Liberty Association. At 10:45 Elder Durand will speak on "Why we observe the Seventh Day." At 2:45 and 7:45 p. m. Elder James is to speak on the subject of "Church and State." Dr. Hare will give a lecture on "Health and Temperance" at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The managers of the camp meeting announce that it is free, that no admittance fee is charged, whatever, and that all are invited and are welcome.

LaRue.
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FACTS ABOUT TEA.

The total of the tea consumption of the world annually amounts to 1,854,500,000 pounds. During the season of 1877-8 but 3,515 pounds of tea were exported from Ceylon, whereas in the season of 1878-9 22,000,000 pounds were exported.

As early as 1690 tea is mentioned in England in an act of parliament, whereby a duty of eight pence was charged on every gallon of it made for sale.

Since 1829 very considerable attention has been paid to the growing of tea in India, and the industry has opened up a large field for capitalists and Europeans.

Outside of China itself, Great Britain is the largest tea consuming country in the world, the amount of tea taken there being no less than 220,000,000 pounds annually.

The total area of the world's tea cultivation is 11,314,600 acres, the total annual production is 1,377,500 pounds, and the total exports amount to 503,101,000 pounds.

The best of the Chinese tea crop seldom reaches anywhere but Russia. It is always bought up by the Russian agents immediately they can place their hands upon it.

It is estimated that the Chinese themselves consume more than 800,000,000 pounds of tea annually, or more than three times as much as they sell to all other countries.

The cost of the raw leaf is said to be four cents per pound. Picking, firing, land carriage and duties, export duty, freight and charges make up the cost of the better teas to sixteen cents per pound.

The consumption of tea in the United States in 1890-1 was 90,000,000 pounds. In 1884-5 it had fallen off to 67,000,000 pounds, but it has since increased, the figures for 1889-90 being given as 75,000,000 pounds.

In Japan, as in China, the people drink an enormous quantity of tea. Never before in the season of 1896-7 Japan sent 12,500,000 pounds of tea to Canada, and 34,250,000 pounds to the United States, exporting in all to these two countries say 47,000,000 pounds.

From explorations recently made it has been shown that the tea plant is growing wild in the forests and jungles of upper Siam and the Himalayas, and in the great range of mountains extending through China to the Yang-tse-Kiang.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE TURF.

The race horses are distancing the trotters as far as beating records is concerned. Nearly every week there is a record beaten. Two millionaires are probably the luckiest and the unluckiest owners on the American turf. The former is the Hon. W. L. Scott, the latter Senator George Hearst.

The Duke of Portland has retired Donovan to the stud. The colt's winnings on the turf amounted to \$287,499.33 by far the largest amount ever credited to a single animal.

Turfmen abroad have begun to agitate the question of long distance races. It is more than probable that the English Jockey club will adopt a rule requiring the different associations under its control to make all races for 3-year-olds and upward a mile or over.

The claim Mr. Withers and Mr. Morris both make concerning their straightaway tracks is that they are the only ones that should be used in deciding great races, for on them the best horses must win. Very often the old track races were stolen by inferior horses through some of the well known tricks of the jockeys.

The racing stables owned by the widow of the Duc de Castries and Baron de Soubeyran have been sold by auction in France. Le Glorieux, a colt which ran fifth in the Grand Prix, sold for £3,200; a son of Fortin for £1,500 and Maypole, the best of Silvio's stock, for £2,300 to Baron de Soubeyran, and Cadi, by Silvio, was sold to M. Michel Ephrussi for £1,600.

The chestnut stallion Endower, foaled 1874, by Enquirer, out of Florence Wallace, by Vandal, died at Caldwell, Tex., recently, from colic. He was a promising youngster, but injured a tendon at an early age and was retired to the stud. Some of his colts in Texas have made good marks, and others are looked upon as valuable for both the track and the stud.

C. C. Seaman, of San Diego, Cal., former owner of the \$51,000 Bell Boy, has a gold mounted tooth of the unfortunate horse, the only substantial portion of him that remained after his death by fire. But what Mr. Seaman values still higher is a colt which he has named Ding Dong, which is Bell Boy's only colt, foal of 1889. Ding Dong's dam is by Sir Walkill, full brother of Walkill Chief.

LITERARY LIGHTS.

W. H. Doane, the hymn writer, is manager of an iron foundry in Cincinnati. Rudyard Kipling, the new English literary comet, is a short, square built man, who has a pale skin, thin, brown hair and near sighted eyes. He wears spectacles.

Lee C. Harby, author of "Texan Types and Contrasts," is a native of South Carolina. He lived in Texas for twenty years, but is now a permanent resident of New York.

Lord Tennyson has yielded to a request to recite his "Charge of the Light Brigade" and parts of "The Princess" in an Edison phonograph. His son says the tones of the poet's voice are reproduced with startling fidelity.

Rider Haggard, the novelist, bears a certain facial resemblance to the young emperor of Germany. He is tall and slim and broad shouldered, and has the bearing of a practical athlete rather than an overworked man of letters.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Butterworth's salary as secretary of the Columbian fair is to be \$12,500. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, used to be a telegraph operator, and was one of the first four men to read telegraphs by sound.

Henry E. Abbey, who is probably the most successful theatrical manager of the time, began his career as a concert player in an Ohio rural orchestra.

Age is telling more and more on Cardinal Newman. He had recently to be carried into church at Birmingham, and carried out at the conclusion of the services.

Roy Winton, of Winfield, Kan., is the latest musical prodigy. He is but 5 years old and plays with a wonderful degree of intonation all the most difficult organ and piano music.

Charles Northoff, the accomplished Washington correspondent of The New York Herald, has been placed by Mr. Bennett on the retired list of that newspaper on half pay for life.

Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, is described as a "tall, thin, sharp faced, shrill voiced senator, noted as the most excitable man in the senate and a good type of the old fashioned controversialist."

Vice President Morton delights in the possession of three wigs. One is short hair, just been cut; another is of medium growth, just right; and the third is rather long—in fact, needs trimming.

R. D. Sears, who won the tennis championship three successive years, is about 32 years old. He looks like a divinity student with his spectacles, which he wears even while playing his favorite game.

A centenarian known as "Uncle Dave," who was one of Andrew Jackson's soldiers, died near Sheffield, Ala., recently. His wife died in 1842, and every day since her burial he had prayed at her grave.

Woodford Sanders, a Virginia artist, has been creating a stir in Natchez, Miss., by painting portraits of deceased persons whom he never saw. All that he needs is a verbal description from somebody.

Of the Rev. Dr. Theodor Pryor, who died recently in Nottingham county, Va., it is related that in half a century of ministry he never missed an appointment to preach on account of ill health.

The late Abraham Bonafield, clerk of the courts of Tucker county, W. Va., was born without legs over fifty years ago. Yet he was an excellent cavalry soldier in the Confederate army all through the late war.

John Orth, the ex-Archduke John of Austria, has established himself in business at Buenos Ayres. He intends soon to go to Valparaiso as agent for an English house in managing shipments of saltpeetre and other articles.

Joe Friend, known to the police of several cities as the boy traveler, is now working for a living in San Francisco. The boy's parents live in Chicago, but they can't keep him home. He is only 15 years old and has wandered over thousands of miles.

Stephen B. Elkins' mountain home in West Virginia is built on a peak from which a view of thirty miles may be had. The house is more like a baronial castle than a residence. The surrounding mountains are full of trout streams and game forests.

Mr. George M. Stearns, who has been asked to run for congress in one of the Berkshire Hills districts of Massachusetts, says: "I cannot stand. I must have the few remaining years of my life for what I can get of pleasure and joy out of this beautiful world."

Shortly after the battle of Sedan Prince Bismarck found a baby sleeping in his bed, and pinned to the rock was a note which said his father had been killed at Sedan and that his mother was unable to care for it. Bismarck accepted the trust, adopted the child, and today he is a model young man.

Col. James Youniss, the model farmer of Pennsylvania, has recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. He is one of the most intelligent and progressive farmers of the Union and is universally beloved by all who know him. The hospitality of his farm home is known in foreign lands as well as in America.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Royal library of Berlin contains 797,974 bound books. The population of Ireland decreases by over 60,000 a year.

Turkish women eat rose leaves with butter to secure plumpness. The pearl fishing season in Ceylon only lasts twenty-two days, and during that period 11,000,000 oysters are brought to the surface by fifty divers.

The largest library in the world is that founded by Louis XIV in Paris. There are 1,400,000 volumes, 155,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts and 150,000 coins and medals.

In the People's Palace of London the class of reading is improving, and great demand is made for technical and scientific works by the borrowers, who are the working classes of the city.

Trade marks were known in ancient Babylon. China had them as early as 1000 B. C.; they were authorized in England in 1300; Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade mark.

A trial has been made at Civita Vecchia of a nautical ball invented by Signor Balamello. It is seven feet in diameter, and can hold four persons. When closed it sinks, and is steered and propelled under water by rudder and screw.

The Russian saloon for tea drinking is an interesting feature of life in Russian cities. The waiters are attired in white from head to foot, with a large black purse at the waist, and all are men. Tea is drunk alone or with lemon, and the sugar eaten from the hand. Eleven or fifteen cups are not too many for an old tea drinker.

ROYAL FLUSHES.

Queen Victoria is in favor of Sunday music for the people. It has been discovered that the German empress is descended from Harold I, founder of the kingdom of Norway, and from Hakon V, its last king.

Prince George's full name is George Frederick Ernest Albert. He is the second son of the Prince and Princess of Wales and is just 25 years old. He resembles his father in looks and manners.

The queen of the Belgians is a clever nurse and quite as good as a doctor in emergencies. When one of her servants was stricken with apoplexy recently she applied the correct remedies so promptly and efficaciously as to secure his recovery in a very short time.

MIS FIRST CASE.

A Tale of the Bluegrass Country, a SHUN and Other Things.
There lives in one of the finest counties of Kentucky an aristocratic old gentleman, who, though brave at a time of physical trouble, has never succeeded in summoning sufficient courage to shove him into the packlessness of paying a debt.

Once the colonel was in debt to a grocer that lived in a neighboring village. He must have been a new comer, for none of the "old-timers" would trust the old gentleman. One morning, just after the colonel had sat down on the gallery to smoke, the grocer came to the gate and shouted, "Halloo!"

"Get down and come right in, sub," the colonel called, getting up and cordially advising to meet the visitor. "I am delighted to see you this bright morning," said the host when he had shown the grocer into the house.

"You don't know me, I reckon," the grocer responded, giving the old man a peculiar look out of his keen eyes of trade.

"Oh, most assuredly. You are the grocer." "You bet. Did you get that bill—or, rather, them twenty bills—I sent you?" "I presume so, but I cannot say positively who sent them. I get so many favors of the kind that I hardly know whence they come."

"I'm a man of business an' I want my money without any palaverin'. Do you understand?" "Perfectly, sub, and I cannot blame you. Business cannot be operated without money."

"But are you goin' to pay me?" "I can't pay you now."

"When can you?" "Let's see; this is the 10th of the month, ain't it?" "That's what it is."

"Ah, ha! and to-morrow will be the 11th." "That's the size of it."

"Well, you come round between the 11th and the first of next month." "Will you pay me then?" "No, I don't think I shall."

"Then what's the use of my comin'?" "None that I can see."

"Not much. What I want is my money, and I'm goin' to have it or know the reason why."

"I don't mind giving you the reason. The reason appears to be that you'll not get the money. Now look here! I have always made it a point to look



TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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[CONTINUED FROM LAST SATURDAY'S EDITION.]

CHAPTER VIII.
An awfully pretty girl that Vincent is, Amos!" said Mr. Noel, gazing, as the cousins were quietly sitting together before going down.

"Yes," said Amos, doubtfully. "Look here, my boy; recollect that I want to think of something more pretty in selecting a wife while you are in here on this detail. Now, Mrs. Withers and I have been keeping our eyes open, and our ears, too, for that matter; the fact is, I always have both eyes and ears open—travel with them that way, sleep with them that way. I would not be the man I am in the business world, Noel, if that weren't the case. And, pretty though Miss Vincent may be, she's not the girl for you to waste your time on."

"But why not?" asked Noel. "They have a magnificent home, and everything about it indicates wealth and refinement and culture; and there is no denying that she is one of the most attractive girls in society in this city; certainly I have seen none whom I have admired more."



That very morning Gordon Noel was presented to Reginald Vincent.

"That is all very true, perhaps," was the reply. "But his father was very badly bitten during that wheat corner last month, and in fact he has been losing heavily for the last two years. Warden, who is his broker on 'Change, let it leak out in more ways than one; and that wife of Warden is a regular scandal-monger—she can't help talking, and even if she manages to extract from him in the way of information goes broadcast over the entire city. Of course, when the corner broke, as it did, old Vincent managed to pull out of it without this dire loss of his homestead and his entire business. But the rally came only in the nick of time. I am told that Warden has said that if wheat had gone higher or higher it would have knocked Vincent out of time; he never could have come to again. Gordon Noel, we have another plan for you. Wait until Ned Terry's sister gets back from the east; between her and her brother they have just about as much money invested in the best paying business in this town as any people that I can possibly name. She's a belle; she's just as pretty as Miss Vincent. She isn't as smart, perhaps, but she is a woman worth cultivating. Now, hold your horses. Where did you meet her, by the way?"

"I first met her at the Thorntons' dinner party. She was there with Capt. Lane, and some other young people whom I had not previously met."

"Oh, yes, that reminds me. It seems to me I have heard once or twice that your friend Lane was very much smitten in that quarter. Now, you'd much better let him carry off Miss Vincent, if he can. She would suit his modest views of life very well. But I don't believe the girl has a penny to her fortune; at least she certainly won't if Vincent has no more luck in the future than he has had in the last year."

"I took her down to dinner," said Noel, thoughtfully. "and I remember that she talked a good deal about the army, and asked a great many questions about the cavalry. Now that you speak of it, I noticed that Lane, who sat on the opposite side of the table, didn't seem to be particularly interested in the lady whom he was escorting, although, of course, he had to be civil and tried to keep up a conversation, but every now and then I would catch him looking at me, and particularly at her. But she looked so pretty that I didn't wonder at it."

"When did you next see her?" asked Withers.

"Only last night. You know, I was called away almost immediately after the Thornton affair, and had to go on to New York on the court martial, where I was summoned as a witness, then only got back in time for the party last night. That was my second meeting with her, and by this time Lane had gone out to join the regiment. I didn't even have a chance to say good-by to him. Do you think, really, that he was smitten in that quarter?"

An hour was occupied in acknowledging and accepting or declining, as happened to be the case, these evidences of hospitality; then, having no especial interest in the morning paper, his thoughts again reverted to what Mr. Withers had been telling him about Miss Vincent, and the possible relation between her and his regimental comrade. He had been very much impressed with her the night before. Her beauty was of such a rare and radiant character, she was so genial and unaffected in her manner, so bright and winning, with such an evident liking for his society, that Mr. Noel had come away flattering himself that he had made in this quarter a most favorable impression. He had thought of her very much as he went home from the party—of her interested face, as he talked or danced with her; and she danced delightfully, and was so good as to say that his step perfectly suited hers. He remembered now, too, her remark that it was so delightful to dance with army officers and graduates of the Point; they all seemed to feel so thoroughly at home on the floor.

Noel was not a graduate of the Point by any means; but he saw no reason for disenchaining her on that score. He was quite as good as any of the West Pointers, in his own opinion, and in society was very much more at home than many of their number. As a dancer, he was looked upon in his regiment and throughout the cavalry as one of the most accomplished in the whole service. And all this interest and all this cordiality he had accepted without hesitation as a tribute to his own superior qualifications and attractiveness. It was therefore with a feeling akin to pique that he heard of this possible engagement existing between her and Capt. Lane.

In all the Eleventh cavalry there was no man whom Gordon Noel feared and possibly hated more than he did Capt. Lane. This arose from the fact that Lane as adjutant of the regiment had seen all the communications that passed from time to time relative to Noel's absence from his command when his services were most needed and when any man of spirit would have taken every possible precaution to be with it. He knew how silent Lane had always been, and how thorough a custodian of regimental secrets he was considered. But all the same the mere fact that Lane knew all these circumstances so much to his disadvantage, and had seen all his lame and impotent excuses, had made him fear him as a possible enemy and hate him simply because he stood in awe of him.

No one, to watch Noel in society or in the presence of his brother officers, would suppose for a moment that he looked upon Lane with other than feelings of the warmest regard and comradeship. It was only in his secret thoughts, which he admitted to no soul on earth, that Noel realized what his real feelings were towards a man who had never done him a wrong, but who had treated him on all occasions, public and private, with courtesy and consideration.

For some reason or other the lieutenant felt restless and dissatisfied this morning. The atmosphere of the office was decidedly uncongenial. He was a man who rarely read anything, and to whom letter writing was a bore. To be sure, he had little of it to do, for no man in the regiment had expressed a desire to hear from him. It was a hot, sultry day; the stylish white flannel suit in which he had arrayed his handsome self was wasting its elegance on the desert air of a bare and empty room, instead of being seen in the bonnets of beauty or the billiard rooms at the club. Business was slack; no recruits were coming in, and Mr. Noel could stand it no longer. A ring from his bell summoned the sergeant to the room.

"There doesn't seem to be any likelihood of recruits coming in such a day as this, sergeant," said Mr. Noel. "I'm going up to the club for a while; if anybody should come in, send one of the men up there for me; I'll return at once." And with that he took his straw hat and light cane and strolled leisurely up the street. His was a figure that many a man—and more women—would turn to look at more than once. Tall, slim, elegant in build, always dressed in excellent taste, Gordon Noel in any community would have been pronounced a remarkably presentable man. His face, as has been said, was very fine; his eyes dark and handsome, shaded by deep, thick lashes; his hair dark and waving; his mustache, dark and drooping, served only to enhance the brilliancy of the even white teeth that flashed underneath in his frequent smiles and joyous laughter. One would say, in looking at Noel, that he was a man of singularly sunny disposition; and so he was, and so they found him at the club; and so the loungers there hailed him with jovial shouts as he entered; for, though only a fortnight had elapsed since his arrival and four days of that time he had been absent, giving his testimony before the court martial in New York harbor, he had nevertheless won his way into the hearts of all the young fellows around the club, and no more popular man than Gordon Noel had ever come within the doors of "The Queen City."

"What are you going to have, old man?" was the first question asked, and Noel laughingly ordered a sherry cocktail, saying the day was far too hot for anything stronger.

"Who's that I just saw going into the billiard room?" he asked.

"That? That's Regy Vincent. Haven't you met him yet?"

"Regy Vincent," said Noel. "Is he the brother of the Miss Vincent whom I met at the party last night?"

"The very same," was the reply. "Mighty bright fellow, too, and a very jolly one; though he has been in hard luck of late."

"How in hard luck?" asked a quiet looking man seated in a big arm chair, lowering for a moment the newspaper which he had been reading.

"Well, through his father's ill luck on 'Change. You all know, of course, that Vincent was nearly busted before that corner went under last week."

"I know this," was the calm reply, "that while he did stand for a few days on the 'ragged edge,' and while it may be that had that corner not broken when it did he would have been in sore straits, in some way he or his partner, Clark, came to taw with additional funds, and had the consummate pluck to put up more at the very moment when it was believed that that syndicate was going to have everything their own way. So far from being badly bitten by that deal, it's my belief that Vincent, Clark & Co. came out of it with a very pretty penny to the good."

"Well, of course, Harris, you must know more about it than I do. But you cannot be gladder than I am to hear that Vincent's status is so much better than we supposed. I'm glad on his account, I'm glad on Regy's account, and I'm particularly glad on Miss Mabel's account. And now I'm particularly chuckling over Billy Rossiter's frame of mind when he hears the real truth of this matter. When he went after her to Rome last year, and everybody supposed that Vincent was worth a million, there's no doubt in the world that he did his best to win her, and that was what he was sent abroad by his father to do. But he didn't win her then, for she strenuously denied any engagement when she came back here; yet it was supposed that if he persevered his chances would be good. Why, he's not half a bad fellow, only he can't marry so long as he is in his father's employ and dependent on him, unless he marries according to his father's wishes; and the old man called him off just as soon as he found out that Vincent was on the verge of failure. Billy Rossiter has lost any chance that he might have had in that quarter, for she'll never look at him again."

"Serve him right, if that be the case. Any man who hasn't sense enough to stick to a girl who is bright and pretty as Mabel Vincent, rich or poor, deserves no luck at all in this world. But that reminds me, Capt. Noel, according to rumor and what the girls say in society—and you know they generally know pretty much everything that is going on—there is something more than a mere understanding between her and your predecessor here, the recruiting officer, Capt. Lane. Did he say anything about it to you?"

"No, not a word. I think, though, that had there been anything in the story Lane would have let me know something about it, for we are very old and intimate friends. Did you say that that was Mr. Reginald Vincent who has just gone into the billiard room?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Morris, "that's he. Would you like to know him?"

"Very much indeed; and if you've nothing better to do come in and present me. Perhaps he will want to play a game of billiards, and if so I'm his man."

And so it happened that that very morning Gordon Noel was presented to Reginald Vincent, and when Regy went home to luncheon he spoke enthusiastically of his new found acquaintance, whom he pronounced to be one of the most delightful fellows he had ever met anywhere, and who was such a warm and devoted friend of Capt. Lane. "I want, if I meet him this afternoon, as I probably shall, to bring him back to dinner with me. What say you, mother?—just informally."

"Don't you think it would be better to wait a day or two, and have a little dinner, and invite a few friends to meet him?" asked Mrs. Vincent. "Your father, perhaps, would like to be consulted in the matter. I've no doubt that he would like to do something to show attention to any friend of Capt. Lane. What do you think, Mabel?"

"I vote for both," replied that young woman, with much alacrity. "I have met Mr. Noel twice." "Capt. Noel, dear," said Regy, "Capt. Noel."

"He is not a captain yet, Reginald; I happen to know from the regimental roster; I have a copy upstairs that Capt. Lane very kindly left me. And here a decided finish stole over the fair cheeks of the young lady. "I learned a good deal about the officers of the regiment from Mr. Lane—Capt. Lane—while he was here. Mr. Noel ranks second among the lieutenants of the regiment. As Capt. Lane said, he is so very near his captaincy that perhaps he accepts the title that you all give him at the club as only a trifle premature."

"Well, captain or lieutenant, it doesn't make any difference," said Regy, impulsively; "he's a mighty good fellow, and a mighty good friend of your friend Capt. Lane, and if you have no objection, mother, I'll bring him around to dinner to-night, and then perhaps we might go to the theatre afterward. I'm very sure that Capt. Noel will enjoy it. Fact is, he enjoys everything. Everybody in the club is perfectly delighted with him. You ought to hear him sing an Irish song or tell a French story! I'll try and get him started when he comes here. He's a wonderful mimic; and he's so full of information about their service on the frontier. Now, Lane so seldom spoke of anything of the kind; but Noel will talk for hours at a time about the wonderful country through which they have scouted and fought, and all that they have been through in their campaigns. By Jove! but that fellow has seen a lot of hard service, and has been through some hairbreadth escapes."

"Who? Vincent, Mrs. Vincent?" "Capt. Lane or Mr. Noel?"

"Noel, of course—Noel I'm speaking of. Lane, no doubt, saw a great deal of service with the regiment; but Noel saw

as was adjutant so much of the time, and on other staff duty, while he (Noel) was almost incessantly scouting, hunting after various Indian parties, and being off the warpath, as he laughingly expresses it."

"Does he mean that Capt. Lane didn't see much actual service there?" asked Miss Mabel, with heightened color.

"Oh, I don't know that he means that. Don't understand me as saying for a moment that Noel disparages Lane's services; on the contrary, he never speaks of him except with the most enthusiastic regard. Neither does he boast at all of his own service; only you can't help seeing, in the modest, offhand way in which he speaks of his campaigning, what a deal of hardship and danger he has encountered, for the simple reason that he was with the command that had to go through it all."

"Your father tells me," said Mrs. Vincent, "that he met him one day on 'Change when Mr. Withers brought him in; that was before the crash, and when he had no time to pay him any attention. Of course, the cousin of Mr. Amos Withers was received with a great deal of bowing and scraping by Mr. Withers' friends in that honorable body. But all the same, I know your father will be glad to meet Mr. Noel now, and by all means bring him, if you feel disposed, to-night. What manner of looking man is he?"

"A remarkably handsome man, mother," said Mabel at once; "one of the handsomest I ever saw, and he certainly made himself very entertaining; and very jolly the night we sat together at dinner at the Thorntons."

"There's a great contrast physically between him and Lane," put in Regy. "Noel is such an elegantly built fellow—so tall and fine looking. Lane would be almost undersized when standing beside him, and is very much of a disadvantage when they appear together, I should judge."

A very bright and joyous party it was, seated around the home like table of the Vincents that evening, and, as Regy had predicted, Noel proved very entertaining and a most agreeable guest. While showing much deference to Mr. Vincent and attention to his good wife he nevertheless managed to have a great deal to say about the regiment and its daring and perilous service on the frontier, and to throw in here and there many a pleasant word about Capt. Lane and their long and intimate acquaintance, and before dinner was over had won a warm place in Mabel Vincent's heart by the way in which he so frequently spoke of the man to whom she had plighted her troth.

And that very evening, as Frederick Lane—far out under the starlit sky of Arizona—with his heart full of longing and love for her, and thinking only of her as he rode over the desolate plain, with the lights of old Fort Graham already in view, Mabel Vincent, seated by Gordon Noel's side, was looking up into his handsome face and listening to his animated voice between the acts of "Twelfth Night."

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SATURDAY.]

Much injury is done by the use of irritating, gripping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

A Summer Longing.
I'm out away to wooded hills and vales,
Where brook, low streams flow cool and silently,
And idle barges slip their listless sails . . .
For me the summer sunset glows and pales,
And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds
Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree.
I long for blossomed lawns and lowing herds;
And nature's softest sights in nature's words.
The green fields wait for these.

I dream of uplands where the primrose shines
And waves her rather large and showy leaves.
Of orange cups swung with trailing vines,
Of open vistas skirted with tall pines.
Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I
May lie and listen to the distant sea,
Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,
Or unsect voices chirping shrill and dry
In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find
The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody;
While summer's rays wait on the wind,
And summer's fragrance wafts in the wind,
And green fields wait for me.

August.
Deep in the wood I made a house
Where no one knew the way;
I carpeted the floor with moss,
And there I loved to play.

I heard the bubbling of the brook;
At times an acorn fell,
And far away a robin sang
Deep in a lonely dell.

I sat a rock with acorn cups;
So quietly I played
A rabbit hopped across the moss,
And did not seem afraid.

That night before I went to bed
I at my window stood,
And thought how dark my house must be
Down in the business world.

Looking for a Job.
Tramp—Can you give me a job, mister?
Farmer—Well, I dunno. What can you do?
Tramp—I've been hiring out all spring as a patent seeder.

Farmer—A patent seeder? What in thunder's that?
Tramp—Why, you see, when a man gets as seedy as I am he has to do it to look around a plowed field and see if there's 'bout putting any crop in. Does any fall plowin' yet?—Burlington Free Press.

During a Storm.
"Gracious! that was an awful clap of thunder; it frightened me terribly."
"Pooh! thunder can't hurt you."
"Can't eh? Didn't you ever hear of a person being thunderstruck?"—Harper's Bazar.

New Orleans newspapers announce that Maj. Burke, the defaulter and ex-editor who is now in exile in Honduras, is in wretched health. He is said to be suffering from a cancer of the nose. His wife is still in the south of France.

Can't Sleep Nights.
Is the complaint of thousands suffering from asthma, consumption, coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all lung troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25c and 50c. Sold by H. C. Hoberman & Co., and W. B. Foye.

SOME PROBLEMS SOLVED.

BILL NYE SETS THE MINDS OF ANXIOUS INQUIRERS AT REST.

Inside Information About the S. P. C. A. The Most Digestible Part of a Claim Is Its Shell—Home Doses for Ailing Households.

(Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.)
The following correspondence received during the past week is hereby answered in a brief but succinct manner:
Mrs. R. Hyphen Skinner-McPhelin, of the Windywar flats, New York, contemplates spending the summer on Staten Island.



I ATE THE WATERMELON.

Island, and asks to know if the island has a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

It has, Mrs. Skinner-McPhelin, it has. It is one of the most pungent and vociferous societies for the prevention of good that we have, according to reports. Agents of the organization make it very hot for people who own animals, if I am correctly informed in the matter, and I advise you, if you hope to spend the heated term on Staten Island, to leave your carriage horses and other heirlooms at the flat, where they will not be disturbed. Owners here have been stopped on the street, arrested and fined, in fact, for not shoeing their horses, while as a matter of fact they were too poor to even shoe their children. Misguided philanthropy is as injurious to the public welfare as the live rat caught, kerosened and ignited by a farmer in northern Vermont last season. He drove away all the other rats, also the farmer and his family, by burning down the whole ranch. In his nice warm little room at the porchhouse this summer the farmer says to his wife as he inserts another little titbit of mush and molasses among his whiskers, "The overzealous and ill-guided ass is sometimes as dangerous to mankind as the level headed rogue."

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals arrested a widow woman on the highway for trying to gather the hind limbs of a female hog, or swine, which was being transported from one point to another. Those who have handled hogs know that it is absolutely necessary to tie their legs if they are conveyed by wagon, or they will jump out. The society removed the cords, whereupon the hogine leapt out of the wagon and broke her leg. Prevention people not only sometimes do not frequently know how to handle hogs, but also they do not know how to prevent cruelty. I could name some more of the instances reported, but these will suffice to show you that the society is flourishing, several of the agents doing a very thrifty business who have always failed at everything else in life.

The following note comes from a Trojan who has suffered otherwise:

Tror, July 10, 1900.
Mr. Bill Nye: Kindly give us your experience and opinion of a claim tale, one of the most ridiculous institutions of the United States. Very respectfully,
Oss W. W. Was Thoroughly Disgusted at One of Them.

Claim bakes are not always unsuccessful. Even if they are unsuccessful from your own point of view they might not be from the standpoint of the man who prepares them. I was one of a small party of plain American citizens who bought out a clam kiln and colic works last season at Long Branch. I had been accustomed to life among the lovely in years past, having been born of poor but extremely brainy parents. I had also lived in the wild and woolly west, where claims and other specimens of insect life are regarded with distrust. There you can buy, or could at the time I lived there, a hind $\frac{1}{2}$ of elk for \$1.50, hang it in your wood shed and feed a good sized family on it for a week. So I said to a friend or two: "Here is a natural product of the soil, the cheapest and commonest of God's impervious fauna, the low browed and weak minded clam. We will get some one to bake some for us, then we will eat a watermelon and play that we are amenable to no law, but that we are free and unfettered, and as careless of human life as a steam heating company or a young physician." We ordered no wine, but just claims and watermelon.

Another party from New York also ordered a clam bake at the same time, so that the same kiln dried all the claims. In baking claims you heat a lot of stones in a hot fire, throw them in a hole along with your claims, green corn, ground feed, etc., etc. You then cover up the mass, and go away fishing or pitching horse shoes till you smell something. That is the claims. You then borrow a six-time pitchfork, such as is used by our best lively stable people, and fork out your claims and green corn, serving hot. Guests will wait on themselves. After the claims are served you load a large abogwa with hot fence nails and collect the bill.

I ate the left lobe of three underdone Waterbury claims, an ear of hot seed corn and a slice of somred and pessimistic watermelon. My bill was \$23—that is exclusive of nurses and medical attendance.

I do not care for claims, anyway. I cannot come up with a claim. I some-

times feel that I would like to, but I cannot. Neither can my boots.

I was quite ill after I ate these claims, having thrown away the most digestible part, viz., the shell, and foolishly eaten the clam. On the steamer coming home many people who had been greatly disappointed all day in the matter of enjoyment came up on deck, watched my gyrations a few moments, and went home peacefully and contented. At the wharf, some of those who had been down to Manhattan Beach to see Pains' "Siege of Vera Cruz," and were bitterly disappointed, came to where I was gnawing an old anchor and moaning with an inward pain, and after seeing me suffering went home stating that they had more than got their money back.

The New England clam bake costs less money, but is almost equally fatal to me. If you hear of my eating another clam bake you can safely say to yourself that when I did it I was under the influence of liquor. Some siren with bleached hair and merry goggling eyes may meet me on the beach and drag me, and feed me a clam while singing to me some sweet, sad song, but she will have to be better looking than the average fish ball siren of story.

Mrs. Erstwhile Timberlake, of Pongee, Neb., asks: "What shall I do to regain my influence over my husband? He gave me his hand in marriage two years ago come next frost, and if ever a man seemed to just doat on any one he doated on me. That's about all he did all that winter in fact, and our virtuals got pretty low by spring. Then I spoke harshly to him, and he started for hell via the Little Pansy Blossom saloon on Prundella street. I have tried every way to win him back, such as he is, and have went out of my way to make friends write him more than once. Will you not come to my rescue?"

If you cannot bring him here of course, Mrs. Timberlake, I will have to come to your snicker and speak of him plainly as between man and man. I hope that you have treated him well on the start and given him a fair show. I will take it for granted that you have, if so, now we must resort to more turgid means. I will not tell you, however, what to do. I will only tell you what I know to be done once in a similar case, and you can think it over, Mrs. Timberlake, and feel perfectly free to help yourself to it if it should strike you favorably.

Mrs. Delay Oleson, of Norridgewock, Me., had a husband whom she dearly loved, for he was a fine, manly looking fellow, standing 6' 4", a hands-hands, and young, too. He fell a victim to prohibition in Maine and became a hard drinker. He had never cared to drink till he found that it was against the law, and so then he couldn't somehow get it out of his mind. Prohibition seemed to constantly remind him that he could not take a drink. So he fell. It occurred at Norridgewock, and could have been distinctly heard for a mile or more. His wife wept a great deal at first, but was not unkind to him. She spoke to him gently and lovingly, and he promised to do better, but he was weak, and the prohibition law kind of gruelled him, as one writer has it. So he fell some more. Mrs. Oleson was a good, sensible little woman, who would not sit calmly on the front stoop and let defeat follow upon the heels of disaster without making a struggle.

She told Delay that she would try him once more, and if he failed she would surely not overlook it as she had before. For a long time he turned his back on the devil's elixir and worked steadily at his trade, which was painting, graining and kalsomining, also breaking colts, geuts fine new-wear and justice of the peace.

Later on, however, he fell once more, and came home in a spiral manner, smelling of prohibition whisky, which is also used for etching on glass. She said nothing to him, but undressed him and put him to bed as usual. This is a pleasing task. She laid him on the couch, and then gathering up the edges of the two home made linen sheets she sewed up Delay Oleson thoron by means of a stout ball of twine and an upholsterer's needle. He asked for more air, but she said what he needed was not so much air as it was a little course of massage treatment. So she got a new whip from the barn, such as is used by Mr. Legree in beating out the brains of Uncle Tom in that truly good play, and she knocked the dust out of Delay Oleson till you could hear her all over that block.

He spoke to her about not doing it any more, but she said she could not yield to outside influence. She must be her own judge regarding the best time to stop. So she ate a little bread and butter, put a new snapper on the whip and went at



COMING HOME FROM THE CLAM BAKE.

it again. People passing the house during the night heard Delay sobbing anon, and between his sobs they could hear the whip crack around his various corners and fr-twork. Finally the weary wife let him out, and fixing a bed for him on the floor she turned out the cat and went to bed. She never had to do so again. Delay after that was another man. He removed to Kentucky, where he would not have the same temptations that were afforded him in Maine, and became the father of nine children, all of

whom were born with what resembled a large welt across the person.

I do not say to you, Mrs. Timberlake, to do this way with Erstwhile, for it is a severe method, and he might not be drunk enough so that you could reverse him up, and he might possibly reverse the programme, but I tell you of this case so you can't say I ignore your wall.

Bill Nye

Carried to Kalamazoo.

Jones and his wife had just returned from the theatre.

Stumbling around the room he had lighted three matches in the apparently vain effort to find something.

"What have you lost, my dear?" asked his better half.

"A match. I thought I dropped one as we went out. Ah! here it is; there's nothing like being saving in small things."—Judge.

Why He Praised Them.

"There is considerable to be said in favor of the cigarette, notwithstanding the abuse that it receives," remarked the portly traveling man to the hotel clerk.

"Now there are circumstances under which cigarettes may make a man comfortable and easy."

"Are you an example?"

"I am."

"I never see you smoking them."

"Certainly not; I sell them."—Washington Press.

A Classical Education.

First Harvard Graduate—Have you received a copy of the catalogue?

Second Harvard Graduate—Yes; but I can't read it!

First Harvard Graduate—Why so?

Second Harvard Graduate—It's in English this year, don't you know?—Lowell Citizen.

Wasted Agency.

Aunt Hester (as the boat goes over)—Save me, Edborough! Oh, Edborough, save me!

Uncle Edborough—I will if you'll do just as I tell you.

Aunt Hester—I'll try; but save me save me!

Uncle Edborough—Well, just stand up, will you?—Judge.

Two's Company.

"Papa," remarked the senator's daughter, looking at the clock.

"What is it, Lou?" asked papa, who had lingered in the parlor with the young people.

"It is 9 o'clock. At this time George and I usually go into executive session." Then papa retired.—Judge.

Would Show the Place.

McFingle—Say, where do you buy these cigars?

McFingle—Well, old man, I don't want every one to know so that they'll become common, but I don't mind telling you. I got them of Smoak & Smellum.

GET YOUR FRUIT JARS! Fruit Can Rubbers THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

COAL!

FOR RENT—Four room dwelling on north East street. Apply to James Malloy. [2271]

FOR RENT—Dwelling house on Mt. Vernon avenue, with all conveniences. Possession on or before Oct. 1st. Inquire of Chas. Lotze. [2264]

FOR RENT—House of six rooms, central location, price \$10. Also part of second floor of Continental Block, \$9.50. [2260] J. G. LEFFLER, Grocer.

FOR RENT—House in West Marion; four rooms; only \$4 per month. [2218] H. ACKERMAN.

FOR SALE—Good, gentle horse, can be driven by any lady; will sell cheap. Inquire at residence of Dr. Mincer, 331 Silver street. [2181]

LOST—A three-month-old pug puppy. The finder will be rewarded by returning to T. O. Sharpless. [2241]

LOTS FOR SALE—On Greenwood and George streets, one square north of Huber shops. Easy terms to suit purchaser. Inquire of F. E. Helge. [2240]

TO RENT—A nice new house of six rooms on west Canal street. Good well and cistern. Inquire of L. C. G. FISHER, Bennett Building. [2241]

TWO ROOMS—Three rooms, four rooms or five rooms for rent. Inquire of L. F. FISHER. [2241]

WANTED—Girl to do housework; German preferred. None but good one need apply. Call on Mrs. G. Leffler, on Greenwood street. [2241]

75.00 TO \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., 109 Main Street, Richmond, Va. [2241]

See Prendergast at once if you wish to buy your winter's supply of hard or soft coal. Their prices are extremely low. [223-12]

FINE WRITING PAPER.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED in regard to Fine Writing Paper in Tablet Form we can surely suit you. A number of New Papers in Ruled and Plain to be had in

COMMERCIAL,

PACKET AND

LETTER SIZES.

Laid and Wove Papers, Rough and Smooth Finish—a Very Handsome Line at

C. G. WANTS.

New Fall Dress Goods!

FRASH'S.

WE have just opened for the Early Fall Trade an Elegant Assortment of Choice New Dress Goods in

PATTERN SUITS!

THESE Goods are the very latest and are in Camels' Hair, Cheviots and Serges, in Plaids or Stripes, combined with Plain or Full Suits of the Fancy. Call in at once; it will pay you.

J. FRASH.

S.—A handsome line of Fringed China Silk Throws, embroidered or in hand-painted in oil colors.

JOHN FRASH.

LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.

In all the court history of Marion county there has been but one criminal sentenced to capital punishment, and that sentence was afterward reversed by the supreme court of the state, so that the county has never as yet been credited with a hanging. The case referred to was that of Edward Robbins, who was indicted at the November term of the common pleas court in 1857, for the murder of Nancy Holly. The woman died in this city, July 29, 1857, from the effects, as was proven in court, of a dose of strychnine administered by Robbins, who had followed her here from Shelby county, Ohio, to avert the possibility of becoming the father of her illegitimate offspring. Robbins was a married man and Nancy Holly had been a domestic in his home. He was convicted of the murder at the March term of court in 1858 and sentenced to be hanged. The case was then carried to the supreme court on error, and before the day of Robbins' hanging that court reversed the judgment of the common pleas and "remanded the cause for further proceedings." The common pleas court again tried the case and found a verdict of murder in the second degree, and Robbins was sent to the penitentiary for life, but after serving a short time he was pardoned by the governor.

The STAR finds a great deal of curiosity among citizens to know if there is any probability of the bad, very bad sidewalk being improved during the present season. The people have evidently expected too much by the change that was effected in the city government at the last election, and some things that were so hopefully anticipated don't materialize. But sidewalk repairs have been woefully neglected. True, we have had the general sidewalk ordinance, but it does not repair walks that are in a bad, even dangerous condition. Heretofore we have had the sidewalk repair ordinance every spring; it was a seasonable bit of literature and came along with spring poetry and birds. It is now past midsummer, and all the defective walks, except in cases where pride or private enterprise has inspired improvement, are in the same condition. The city council, as a body, is not to blame for this. The council works on the recommendation of its committees.

There are some queer couples who get married now and then, some of them, too, who from physical and mental standpoints are ineligible, and the law apparently has no preventing power. However, there are some who would like to that don't, and a case of this kind was recently brought to the attention of the STAR. The instance referred to occurred a few weeks ago, when an elderly man wanted to marry his daughter-in-law. His wife died, and subsequently his son—leaving a widow of more or less attraction. The father was smitten with the daughter-in-law, and after her widow's weeds had become respectfully seared he had formed the notion of perpetuating her in the family circle. But great expectations are often never realized, and so it turned out in this case, for on making application for license at probate court he was refused on the ground of relationship by affinity. The possibility of the man thus becoming the grandfather of his own children was averted.

A case is reported where a Marion lady spent considerable time preparing her burial robes, so that she might have them according to her own ideas of appropriateness and beauty. But a near approach to completion brought on a succession of weird and unpleasant reflections, and the idea was given up. The woman still lives, with the same apparent relish of life.

Numerous cases of strange beggars are encountered about the city every day, quite as strange comparatively as much as variance as the types of men. But one of the cheekiest specimens, and altogether amusing, is related to have been met with last week. He came to the city and spent the night at one of the best hotels. In relating the circumstance the next morning to a gentleman he complained of his treatment, stating that he had been called at 8 o'clock and was evidently much grieved to think he had not been allowed sufficient rest. His breakfast was poor, and he entered a general complaint against the hostelry. He was a beggar, mind you, and the money with which he had paid his bill had been received from a charitable inclined person who had responded to his "cavass," as he called his alms-collecting. The fellow was intelligent, having a fair education, but had met with a misfortune in youth that had rendered him a life-cripple. But his inveterate and self-sustaining cheek was paralyzing and placed the owner in the front rank of gentlemanly beggars. He displayed a neat little roll of bills from which to draw on in emergencies and stated that he always felt more independent when thus equipped.

A really pathetic case of extreme parsimony came to the attention of the STAR during the sickness and death of an old citizen of the county not many moons since. It was that of a gentleman who had, by many years of incessant toil, united with business capacity, accumulated a very comfortable fortune. He became sick and the necessity of a physician was grievous to his notion of economy. At the first sign of improvement the doctor was dismissed and the patient resorted to patent medicines. Then a relapse brought the physician again and the first experience was repeated a second time, and then a third, until the man grew worse beyond recovery, and died, leaving a large estate.

Two more lots in Orchard Mound have been sold and deeded this week, and two very good houses, we are told, will be built at once. Canal street has been completely graded and good walks on both sides will be laid next week. The news of the arrival of a baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Thomas, four or five days ago, almost escaped the STAR. This makes the fourth daughter in Mr. Thomas' home and that elegant and genial gentleman is smiling as happily as though he had a family of democratic voters.

Miss Kate R. Blair, who has held the position as principal of the Marion High School for five years, this day sent in her resignation from Chautauqua, where she has been spending her vacation. The board of education held a special session Friday evening at which the resignation was accepted, and the clerk was ordered to correspond for applicants to fill the vacancy. Miss Blair's reason for resigning is that she has received a position in a Columbus high school at a salary of \$1500, double the amount she received here. A great many will regret to see the lady leave Marion, but will wish her success in her new field of labor.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Fair weather; southeasterly winds; warmer in northern, stationary temperature in southern portion.

SEE the Superb Line of Novelty Dress Goods, Elegant Robes and Pattern Suits. All of the New Shades in Plaids and Plain Fabrics.

Warner & Edwards DRESS - GOODS

\$1 Kid Gloves For 69c.

A new line of Serges in all the New Fall Shades, with Plaid Surah Silk to match, at attractive prices.

A large lot of elegant new Black All-wool and Silk-warp Henriettas and Serges at prices so low that they will astonish you. These goods were bought in large quantities to get them cheap, and are marked at prices that should close them out in a few days.

Our stock of Black Silks is complete, and all we ask is, if you intend getting Silk Dresses of any kind, for you to come and see us before you make your selection.

We will offer for sale all our \$1 Kid Gloves at 69c, to make room for the largest and best stock of Kid Gloves ever brought to Marion.

D.A. FRANK & CO.,
White Front in the Masonic Block.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Charlotte Smith, president of the Woman's National Industrial League of America, has issued a call to the women of the civilized world, inviting them to attend the Woman's International Industrial Congress, to meet at Chicago during the quadricentennial celebration in 1893. The congress is intended to consider problems of woman's advancement in connection with the Woman's Industrial department of the world's fair which the league is working to establish.

Population of Saginaw, Mich. WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The rough count of the population of Saginaw, Mich., completed by the census office, shows the population to be 49,215. In 1880, the area now within the city limits comprised the town of East Saginaw, as well as Saginaw. The increase in the population is 16,628, or 36.29 per cent.

The Niagara Excursion. Remember the "Big 4" excursion for \$4 allows privilege of stopping at Lake Chautauqua, and a visit to Toronto for a dollar more, or Thousand Islands for only \$5 more. Trains leave Marion at 7:33 p. m. August 19th and returning leave the Falls at 8:30 p. m., August 21st, while those desiring longer limit have the privilege of returning on all regular trains within five days from date of sale.

The Ladies Delighted. The pleasant effect and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

At St. Paul's. There will be services at St. Paul's at the usual hours Sunday morning and evening. Rev. W. M. Lucas, Pastor.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory." They are not, but like all counterfeits, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon having it. 'Tis sold everywhere.

EMMETT DRAKE, DENTIST

OFFICE—Over Kling's hardware store, north Main street. Prices Reasonable. All Work Warranted.

U.S. AUCTION SYNDICATE

No. 41 SOUTH MAIN STREET, 1 DOOR NORTH OF COFFY & STONE'S.
Hardware, Tinware, Queensware, Dry Goods and Notions of All Kinds.
Clark's O. N. T. Thread, 4c
Silk Ribbon, per yard, 2 to 10c
Lamp Chimneys, all sizes, 5c
Corsets, 25 to 50c
Queensware, very cheap, 2c
Silk Mitts, 2c
Ladies' Hose, per pair, 5 to 10c
Hardware, very cheap, come and see, 2c
Stereoscopic Views, 1c
Carpet Tacks, per paper, 2c
Thread, 200 yards, per spool, 5 to 7c
Ginghams, per yard, 5 to 6c
Moshins, per yard, 5 to 6c
Two Quart Covered Buckets, 8c
Tin Cups, 2 for, 5c
Sealing Wax, 4c
Clothes Pins, 40 for, 5c
Large Turkey-Red Handkerchiefs, 5c
Bowls and Pitchers, 5c
Chambers, 5c
Sets of Cups and Saucers, 5c, 30c and 40c
Dinner Plates, per set, 5c
Square Dinner Buckets, 5c
Accordions, very best, \$3.00
Bibs, all sizes, very cheap, 5c
T. H. McLANE.

H. M. AULT'S

Fire and Tornado

INSURANCE AGENCY!

OFFICE: Bennett Block, First Stairway East of Postoffice.

SIR WALTER!

This Elegant CIGAR is sold by

ODAFER & HINDS,
DRUGGISTS.

Center Street, Opp. Court House.

IT BEARS ACQUAINTANCE!

INTRODUCE YOUR FRIENDS!

PLUMBING, PLUMBING,

PLUMBING, PLUMBING!

PLUMBING, PLUMBING!

PLUMBING, PLUMBING!

None but Experienced Workmen.

All Work Guaranteed.

VAUGHAN & ALLEN,
170-171 226 NORTH MAIN STREET.

BRINKERHOFF SYSTEM OF RECTAL TREATMENT.

Piles, Fistula, Fissure, Polypus, Rectal Ulceration and Chronic Diarrhoea cured without the use of knife, caustic or surgery. No anæsthetics! No detention from business! 300,000 operations performed with the system and no deaths! Symptoms: Pain, bleeding, burning or protrusion at time of or after stool; aching in lower portion of back and in the limbs; frequent urination; passages of mucus and matted substance; itching about anus; constipation, followed as disease progresses by diarrhoea. Reference, on application, to prominent citizens of Marion whom I have treated. DR. E. A. THORP, of Drs. BRINKERHOFF & THORP, will be at Hotel Marion, DAY OF WEEK MAY JUNE JULY AUG. SEPT. Thursday, 1 2 9 26 24 21 18 And on Thursday every four weeks thereafter. Address all communications to Dr. Brinkerhoff & Thorp, 80 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

Main Street Livery Stable.

WIELAND VANATTA Successors to Watkins Bros., are prepared to furnish the finest turn-outs in the city. NORTH MAIN STREET. TELEPHONE NUMBER 10.

COAL! COAL!

Buy your Coal at once from

PRENDERGASTS

And save Twenty-five Per Cent.

COAL! COAL!

THE ENGLISH KITCHEN

SETS UP THE

BEST 25-CENT MEAL

In the State. Tickets good for Twenty Meals for \$3.50. Meals of all kinds served to order, at any hour.

POSITIVELY THE LARGEST AND BEST LINE OF CIGARS IN THE CITY.

B. HALL, Proprietor.